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Atlantic Insight

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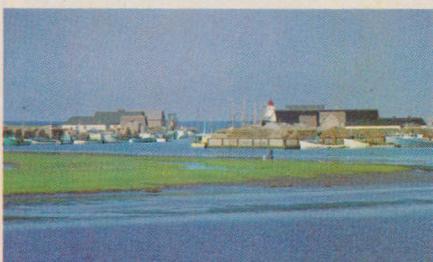
June 1980, Vol. 2 No. 5



26

Cover Story: Atlantic Canada's no longer a fashion backwater. Skeptical? Well take a look at The Atlantic Look: Designs for summer by women in Fredericton, St. John's, and south-shore Nova Scotia

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK CUSANO



36

Travel: Kildare Dobbs, travel writer and winner of a Governor-General's Award for non-fiction, visits Prince Edward Island for the first time, and finds "a landscape wholesome and fragrant as a loaf of fresh bread." He's not the first to make that discovery but he's one of the most articulate



38

Small Towns: Parker Barss Donham, Cape Breton freelancer and award-winning editorial writer, drops in on Bay St. Lawrence and finds that, out there—near "one of the hairiest roads in North America"—things just aren't what they used to be. And a good thing, too



58

Food: When Vasilios Migas came to Canada 21 years ago, he knew exactly what he wanted to do: Open a restaurant. Would Greek food and Halifax diners mix? With him cooking, they did. Here, he reveals some secrets



60

Crafts: Women of Placentia Bay, Nfld., have revived the lost (almost) art of hooking mats. Once, they made them just to walk on. Now, buyers gobble up the mats as far away as Vancouver—to hang on living room walls



64

Show Business: Carroll Baker is Canada's top country singer. She celebrates sex, God, memories of home (in her case, Port Medway, N.S.) and, as all her fans know, she's as honest as the day is long

3 Editor's Letter: Meet *Atlantic Insight*'s crack photographic team

9 The Region: Some of our most successful farmers are Europeans

12 Newfoundland & Labrador: The press just doesn't understand Newfoundland

14 New Brunswick: Joe Daigle's bid to unseat the Hatfield government

16 Prince Edward Island: The Island discovers alcohol. For fuel, that is

18 Nova Scotia: Sandy Cameron is a nice guy. And maybe the next Liberal leader

20 Ottawa Diary: Private desires of your MPs revealed

22 Canada: Roméo LeBlanc is a friend to fishermen. But not fish companies

24 International: Maine potato farmers get mad—at us

34 Folks: Island painter, N.S. songbird and a Blue Jay from Fredericton

42 The Law: Rules on how MPs spend your money are loose—too loose

44 Politics: Political contribution disclosure laws work in N.B. only

46 Energy: Two Islanders discover new uses for waste oil

48 Environment: The sad story of the Island's disappearing maples

50 Resources: They're selling Nfld.'s ponies—for food

52 Profile: Woodstock man takes political action, loses job

54 Vacations: Where to canoe, backpack and exercise the summer away

56 Art: A fine, unsung artist from Sackville, N.B.

62 Photography: Tricky exposures from a N.B. darkroom

70 Theatre: New kiddie-musical challenges *Anne* in Charlottetown

72 Heritage: The strange (and ancient) forms of English, Atlantic-style

74 Expatriates: Want a good feed of Nfld. beef navels? Try Toronto

76 Universities: Renowned philosopher George Grant comes home to Nova Scotia

78 Marilyn MacDonald: Scrawny is out, muscles are in. Hooray

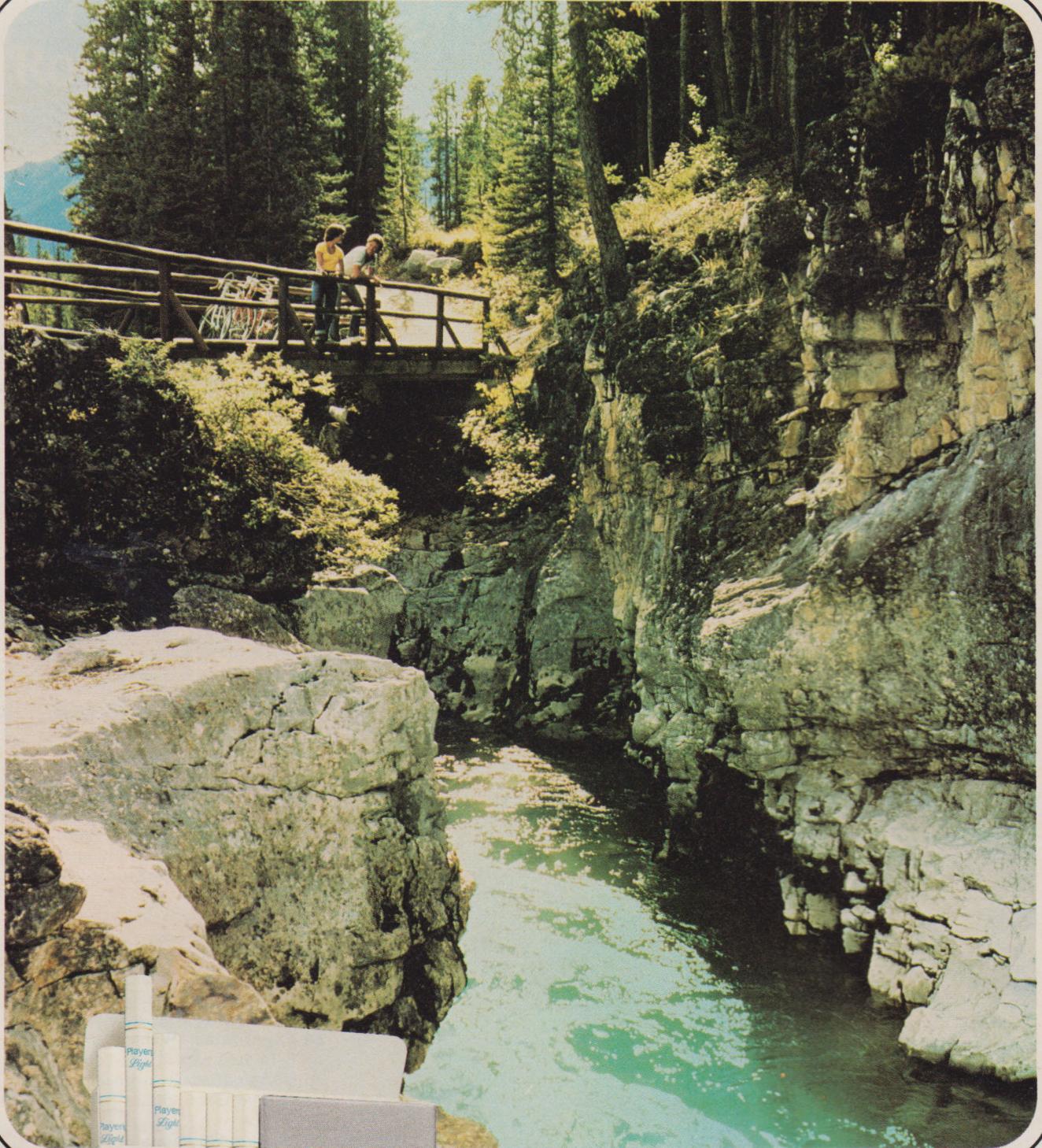
80 Dalton Camp: Whatever happened to "the Maritimes"?

83 Movies: The wintry splendor of John Huston

88 Books: Friedenberg says Canadians are too nice for their own good

94 Fiction: New short story by N.B.'s Kent Thompson

96 Ray Guy: The tax man cometh. Hide your potty



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Editor's Letter**The Goosebump Caper**

Like meringue on lemon pie, the photographic froth that ornaments *Atlantic Insight* is the trickiest and potentially most heart-breaking part of the recipe. Dave Nichols, our director of photography, doesn't warm to my calling photographs mere froth but I'm a word man. To me, the filling is always more important than the meringue. Like politics, however, a magazine is the art of compromise. I concede that a lemon pie without meringue is a sorry thing and, when I see Dave fretting over a cover challenge like a chef who's run out of eggs, I fret along with him. Froth counts.

By my own standards, of course, the cover story in this issue is pure froth: Three fine-looking women don fetching clothes, strike fetching poses. (To make matters worse, I didn't even get to choose the models. Jack Cusano, our shy staff photographer, captured that little assignment while I was out of town, and then had the gall to tell me, The Editor, that it had been really gruelling work.) Sounds simple. It wasn't.

First, we had to find the designers. Then, we had to talk them into shipping us three dozen samples of their most inspired work. The stuff came from St. John's, Fredericton, Chester and New Germany, N.S.; and, by the time it reached our office, some of it was wrinkled. Typesetter Pam Lutz boldly volunteered to iron it. Then, we had to have the clothes adjusted to fit the models, and go to a shoe shop to borrow the right shoes and, oh yes, we'd need a makeup expert, hairdresser, a right-hand man for Jack, a rented truck to take everyone down to Lunenburg. Schooner *Bluenose* was there at dockside, and she'd make the perfect background for summer dresses.

Well, it turned out the models wouldn't be ready to charge down the south shore the moment the sun peeked through the fog and Jack snapped his fingers. We booked them in advance for a full Sunday. It rained all day. Then, on Wednesday, the *Bluenose* put to sea. One of the models backed out, flew off to some ungodly place like New York. But Jack found another model and, luckily, there was another schooner in Lunenburg, an old saltbanker now serving as a museum. We booked the models for Saturday—right on our production deadline—and, glory be, the day dawned sunny. "I thought, here I

come, Lunenburg," Jack says.

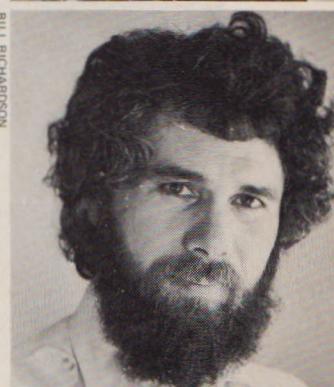
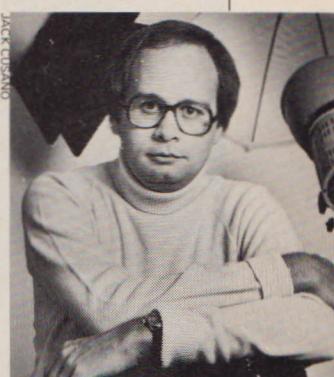
Poor Jack. By 10:30 a.m., the sky was gloomy. It was also spitting. So what do you do with three models and three dozen summer outfits on an April morning that looks like New Year's Day in Iceland? Jack fell back on The Emergency Plan. He took crew, models, cameras, lighting gear and clothes to the News Room restaurant in central Halifax. It's got a skylight, a jungle of hanging plants, wicker chairs. In short, it offers a fake summer, and that's where we got some of the photos on

BILL RICHARDSON

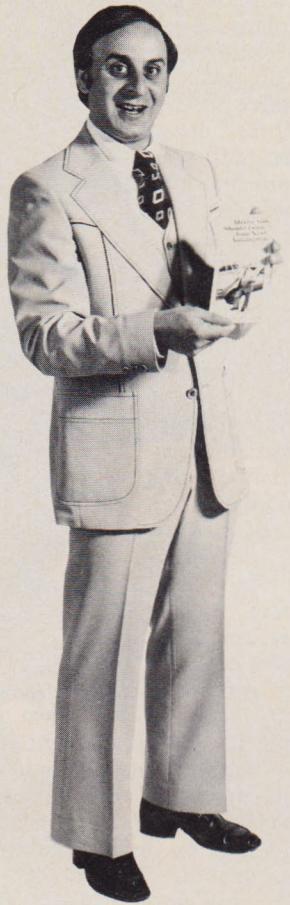
Nichols (above)
and Cusano

Still, it didn't seem right to shoot summer fashions entirely indoors and, by mid-afternoon, the sun had reappeared. Off everybody went to a fishing village on the Dartmouth side of Halifax harbor. The models stood around on a deck in these gorgeous dresses while black clouds curtained off the sun, a bone-chilling sea mist attacked their tender frames, and goosepimples arose on their bare arms like tiny mountain ranges. The fact that, in our photos, they look so charming and comfortable only goes to prove that, like all good models, they're deceptive witches. Now you know.

Anyway, the job was over by 5 p.m. and, later, Jack shot a hockey game. His day had started at 6:30 a.m. and it ended with a drink at the good, old News Room at midnight. But if you think he had it tough, you should hear what happened when Dave Nichols went all the way out to Edmonton to get our April cover photo of Truro-raised actress Lenore Zann. Thanks to airline bungling, his entire lighting kit ended up in Amsterdam. Like Jack, however, Dave delivered. Those guys really do make exquisite meringue.



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ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JUNE 1980

Feedback

That was no Jannasch

I am afraid one of your editor's special gremlins had a hand in the production of your April issue. In Amy Zierler's article *A Precious Photo-Record of Pre-Confederation Newfoundland* you show a photograph of "The Jannasch family, Moravian missionaries." I do not know the family shown, all I know is that they are not the Jannasch family. As far as I know Hermann Jannasch, my grandfather, was the first or at least one of the first photographers on the northern Labrador coast, battling with a wet-plate camera when he arrived there in 1879. He continued to serve on the coast until 1903.

Niels W. Jannasch
Seabright, N.S.

No cheapie

I have enjoyed your magazine until the March issue, 1980. I was very shocked to read an article written by Dick Brown about my deceased father, Don Messer (*What's This? A New Disc by Good Old Don Messer*), and the reference in the article that he was a "cheapie." I could relate stories that would fill the pages of your magazine about my father's generosity in his lifetime. However, I feel that, if living, he would be very embarrassed by any revelations of this sort. My father was a Canadian, a Maritimer and a Scotsmen and very proud of this heritage, as his music reflects. It is especially painful for the family that a Maritime publication would write of him as you did.

Dawn Messer Attis
Halifax, N.S.

Abortion law in good shape

After reading the article *Our Abortion Law Doesn't Do What It's Meant To Do* (April), I feel compelled to express a difference of opinion. The application of the law in this area is in relatively good shape in comparison to Ontario and British Columbia where fetal deaths were at the rate of 14.8 and 21.3 per thousand women, whereas in Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it was 4.2, 2.2, 7.7 and 2.9 respectively in 1978. As a person opposed to the taking of innocent life I would be more than pleased to hear that the remainder of the country was in a mess similar to the Atlantic provinces in relation to the application of the abortion law.

Wayne J. MacMillan
Gander, Nfld.

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HIRAM WALKER
LEGENDARY SWISS FAVOURITE

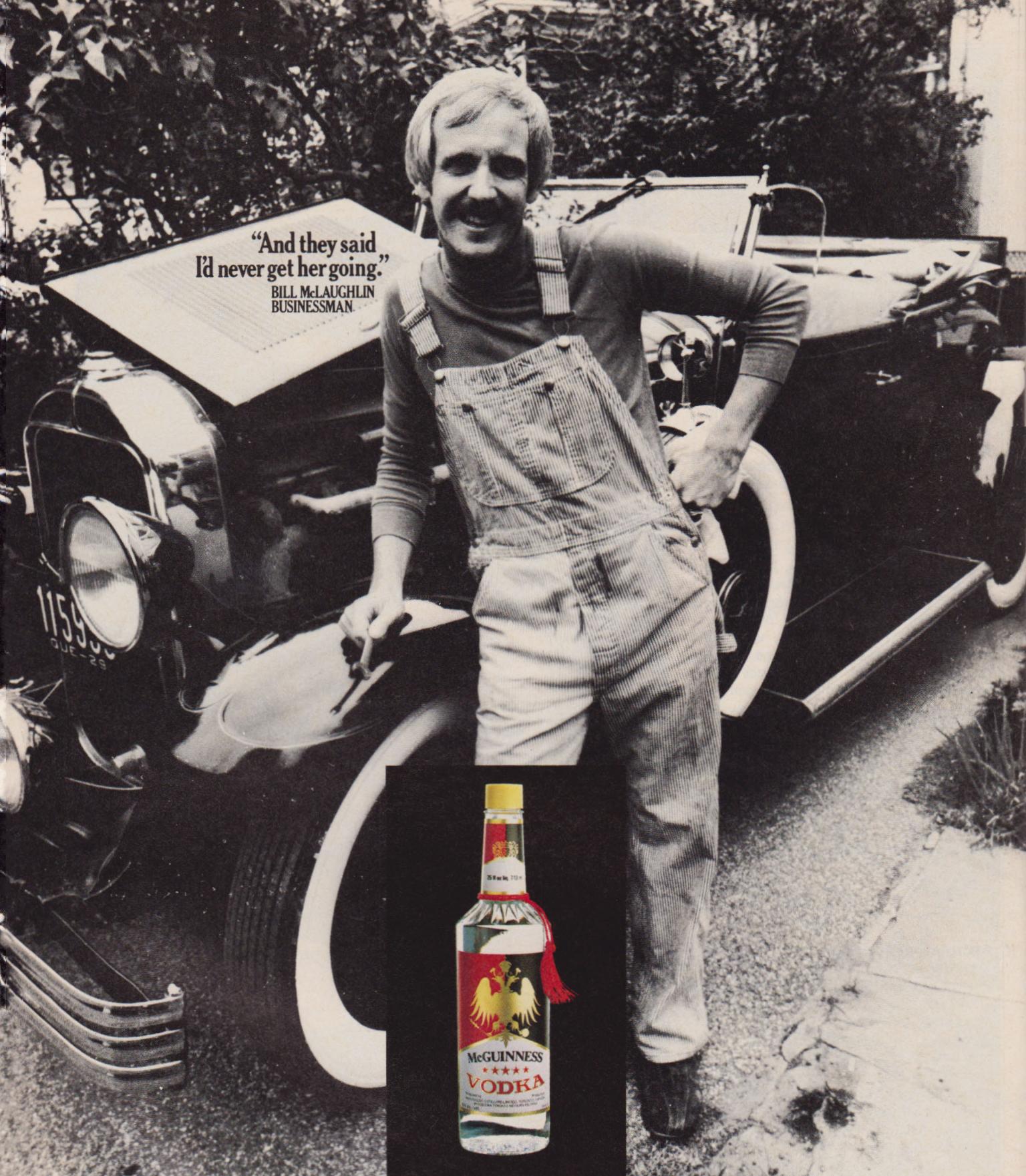
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Feedback

Shame on you, *Atlantic Insight*, for promising legal content and giving us drivel; insinuating that you would publish heart-searing family problems, and delivering contrived dilemmas; berating provincial medical insurance programs for not supporting financially the killing of the unborn child; in effect, advertising prices and locations where abortions can be obtained and, finally, actually trying to make these frivolous, selfish women seem honorable and exemplary.

Catherine M. MacNeil
Antigonish, N.S.

No more like Durelle

Stephen Kimber quite accurately describes Yvon Durelle (*Yvon Durelle, Fighter*, April). Kimber is very creative, his insight into the man and the game, uncanny. The sad truth is that boxing fans remember your last fight. Durelle, though not particularly well treated by many, is durable. History will favor him. That he lived hard is undeniable. But Durelle had finesse, being a natural fighter. They don't make 'em like that anymore.

Richard Doiron
Moncton, N.B.

Province helped too

Your article, *Annapolis Royal, N.S.* (April), by H.R. Percy was most interesting, but unfortunately the references to "the town's rejuvenation" completely overlooked the provincial government's considerable participation in this development. The provincial government cost-shared the original study which sparked the development. The Department of Tourism funds 100% of its operating costs. It is a federal-provincial cost-shared agreement. The province wrote the project brief and negotiated with the federal government for funding. The Department of Tourism is the implementation agency for all areas of the project.

Bruce Cochran
Minister of Tourism
Province of Nova Scotia

A Truro boy

In *Hey Lenore* (April), Stephen Kimber mentions that Don Goodspeed, New Brunswick-born and Truro-raised, also drew critical raves for his performance in *Hey Marilyn!* I wish on behalf of Don (whose real name is Cullen) to advise you that he was actually born in Truro and moved to New Brunswick at the age of eight. I know Don, who is now in Toronto, is very proud of his Nova Scotian heritage.

Doug Cullen,
Moncton, N.B.



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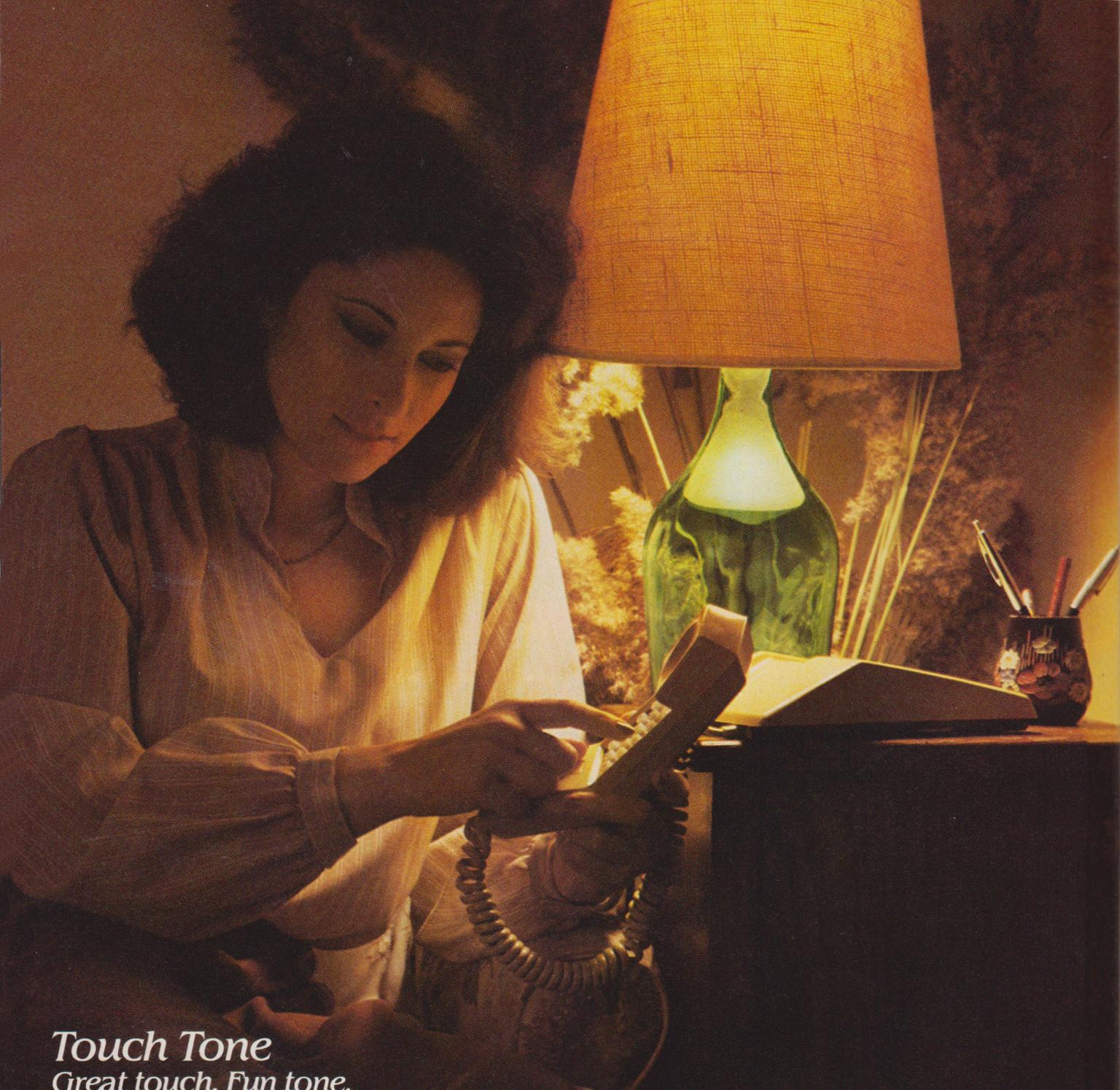
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The Region

Let us now praise immigrant farmers

How come our Dutch and German farmers are so darn successful? The answer, says one of them, lies in three words: Attitude, work, ability

Born-and-bred Atlantic Canadians would have a hard time selling their poor-mouth story to the hundreds of Europeans who've settled here since the Second World War. Most came to work the land (which we regard so abjectly), and they've had a profound influence on Atlantic agriculture. On his first trip to the Maritimes, Dick Geense, now with Nova Scotia's Farm Loan Board, was shocked to see land growing up in alder. "It made me sick," he says. "In Holland, land was too scarce to let it lie idle."

The immigrant farmers are mostly of Dutch and German origin. The first Dutch arrived in the early Fifties. They were virtually broke. Currency restrictions meant each immigrant could bring no more than \$100 from home. In '55, the Nova Scotia Land Settlement Service offered incentive to Dutch immigrants by agreeing to finance the full purchase price of farms they bought (rather than the usual 75%). Moreover, the Netherlands government guaranteed a third of the loan value. The properties the Dutch bought were often in a shambles but, during the 10-year term of the agreement, there wasn't a single default. "It's unbelievable how these poor people with big families made it," Geense says.

Toosje Van De Sande was one of 11 children. Their first home in Nova Scotia was an abandoned barn. "There wasn't a bed, bucket, or stove," she recalls. "Absolutely nothing." Still, the family was thankful to have a roof over its head. Father Frank McIsaac, head of St. Francis Xavier University's program to settle vacant farms in eastern Nova Scotia, had found it for them. Father George Topshee, the current director of St. F.X.'s extension department, says, "It just turned out that they were Dutch. Native sons weren't interested." Eventually, 150 Dutch Catholic families settled around Antigonish and, today, they're the backbone of the dairy industry in eastern Nova Scotia.

Casey Van De Sande, Toosje's husband, was 15 in '56 when his father sold the family farm in Holland. When

they first arrived in Nova Scotia, his father took their milk to the dairy by sleigh. Now, Casey's brother Marinus is general manager of Eastern Dairies and Casey's own Sanhaven Farm, outside Antigonish, is a paragon of Dutch cleanliness and order. The barns are modern, freshly painted, well lighted, as spotless as dairy barns can be. The pure-bred Holsteins have their tails strung to an overhead bar to keep them from dragging, and each cow in the milking line looks ready for the show-ring.

The Van De Sandes hope one of their four school-age children will become the third generation of their family to farm in Nova Scotia. "If I can make a good living and have a good life," Casey says, "there's a chance they'll go into it." (He believes, as his mother did, that "it's easier to catch flies with honey than with a fly swatter.")

Aike Wilting moved from Holland to Ontario in 1951, worked as a carpenter's helper, welder and cement-plant foreman, but found his wages couldn't keep pace with rising Ontario land prices. In the Sixties, he discovered what he wanted in Meadowbank, P.E.I., and, today, he runs a model hog-feeder complex. He's also president of the

Aike, Hans Wilting: Good neighbors helped

P.E.I. Grain Elevator Corporation.

Remembering money problems during his first years of farming, Aike says, "If we weren't a little stubborn, we'd have called it quits." Good neighbors helped. "When we first came here," Jane Wilting says, "the neighbors all came over and brought things. They never did that in Ontario." The Wiltungs have strong ties to the 50 Dutch families in the Charlottetown area, most of whom are members of the Christian Reform Church.

Aike and Jane have a son and six daughters. One of the girls says her classmates call her and her friends "The Dutch Women" or just "Dutchies," but that there's nothing malicious in the labels. Maritimers aren't bigoted, they're "just a bit clannish."

Rather than invest in his own farm, Hank Braam chose to manage North River Farms, Hillsborough, N.B. It's owned by the Lockharts, the Moncton building-supplies family. Braam's satisfied. He has a "free hand," and he's a leader in the industry. He's chairman of both the N.B. Hog Marketing Board and the Pork Producers Association, and he's N.B. representative on the Canadian Pork Council.

When Hank and his wife Dora first

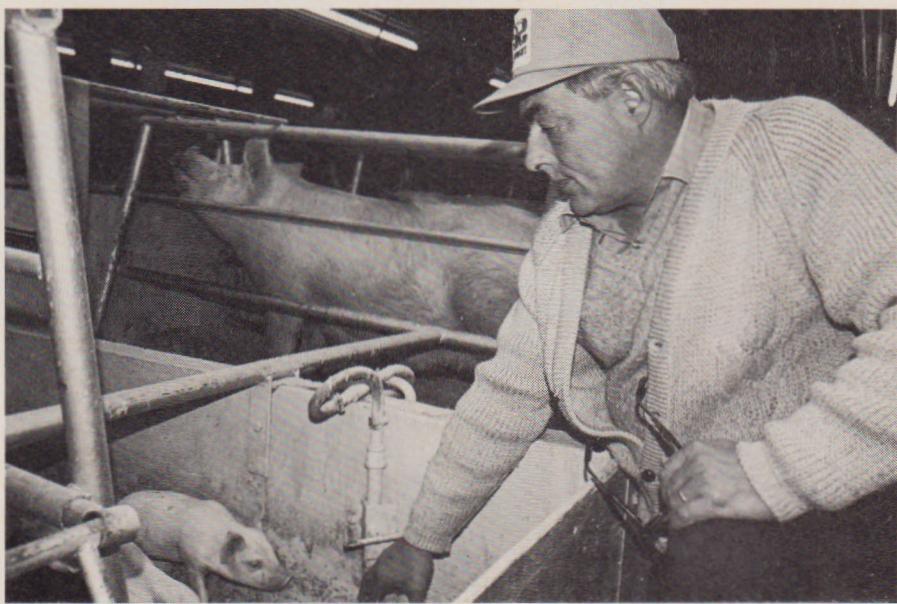


Wilting Family: "If we weren't...stubborn, we'd have called it quits"



RICHARD FURLONG

The Region



CHERYL LEAN

Jock Peill thinks education system should train future farmers

came to Canada, the lack of social programs distressed them, and so did the absence of certain Old Country amenities. Such as indoor plumbing. But they liked the open spaces. In Holland, Dora says, "people live like herring in a barrel." They also liked their neighbors. "By golly," Hank says, "the way we were treated! They bend over backwards to help you." But you have to reciprocate: "The way I look at it, you want people to accept you, you have to come halfway."

The relative success of the European farmers may stem from old virtues that native North Americans are losing: Hard work, self-sacrifice, family teamwork. Moreover, it could be that the immigrants, by their very nature, were exceptionally ambitious. Ken Mellish, agricultural representative in Charlottetown, says, "Those who immigrate must have initiative. They are people who want to better themselves, people with above-average drive."

German-born Jock Peill, Lyndhurst Farms Ltd., Canning, N.S., says the secret of farming lies in three words: Attitude, work, ability. Ability, he believes, comes only with experience. Peill thinks the Canadian educational system fails to provide practical training for future farmers. His own training as an agricultural engineer took six years—three on academic studies, and three training on farms.

Dale Ells of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College says such a system "wouldn't wash in Canada. It seems to manipulate the individual." Recently, however, NSAC did institute a farming skills program for farm workers and, to receive a farm technology diploma from the college, students must complete 11

months of on-farm training. To Peill, that's just not enough. He says, "The whole effort of agriculture in the region is jeopardized by the lack of practical training."

Peill says a farmer must know how to put together a business package, and he's succeeded in his own right. After stints in business, he bought Lyndhurst Farms in '61. Today, it's worth more than \$1.5 million. He has turned it into a kind of one-man research station. A German-made straw burner dries his grain, and may some day heat his house. He imports and tests European bread grains, partly because our dependence on western food and food grains makes Maritime agriculture "a house without a basement." Peill and his Annapolis Valley neighbors are out to debunk "the myth propagated by the grain companies" that grain can be produced only in the west.

But certain givens—a moist climate, long winters and heavy soil types, for instance—impose limits on our farming, and nowhere is this more true than in Newfoundland and Labrador. Few Europeans settled there in search of the good life in farming. West German William Kienzel arrived in Newfoundland in 1953 not as a farmer but as a draftsman with his architect uncle. He worked as a mason contractor till the Newfoundland government started a hog production program. In '65, Kienzel seized this chance for "independence." Now he owns a successful hog operation near St. John's.

To try farming in Labrador, your reasons would have to be more personal than agronomic. So it is with Hans Felsberg. Leaving East Germany more than a quarter-century ago to find "a

place with more peace and hope," he found it at Mud Lake, Labrador. It reminds him of the heavily forested area of his birth. He and his wife, a former Grenfell Mission nurse from Britain, have carved out a 15-acre homestead. They raise rabbits and goats, make cheese, grow vegetables, and sell their produce locally. In the long winter, Felsberg works as a blacksmith, which his forbears did for centuries.

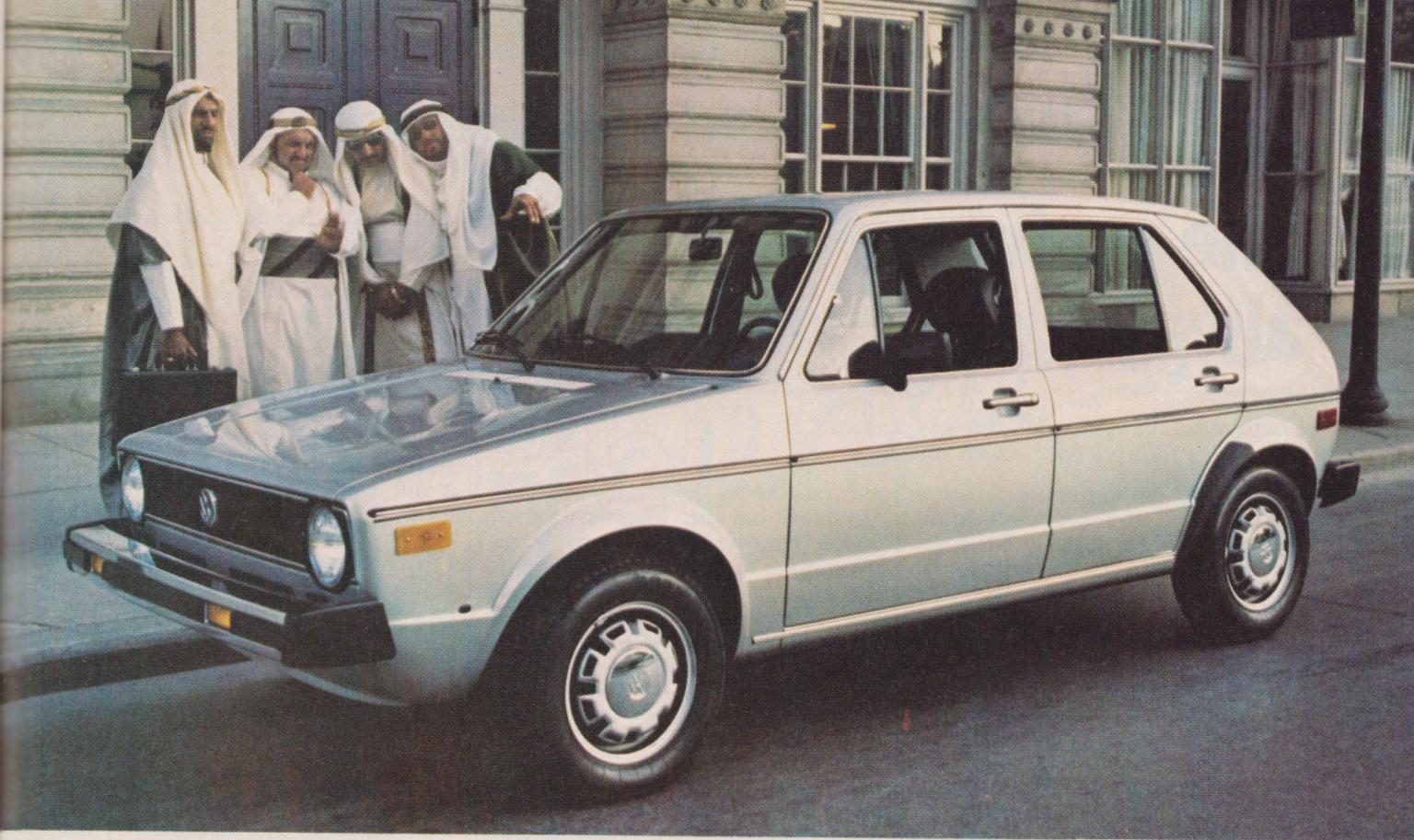
It was the flight from post-war Europe that caused the major wave of immigration in the Fifties but, in the past two decades, European farmers have continued to trickle into Atlantic Canada. George Versloot, a dairy farmer near Fredericton, has an office in Holland to handle queries about Maritime farmland. He started this part-time business after helping his brother-in-law find a farm in '78 and, since then, he's found overseas buyers for 17 New Brunswick farms. The attraction is low land prices. In Holland, farmland sells for a minimum of \$3,000 per acre and, if the seller comes to Canada, he gets a healthy exchange rate for his guilders. Thus, the more recent immigrant Dutch farmers have often arrived with a tidy bundle of capital.

Menno Nieuwhof came over from Holland only last April. He still has a seed-potato farm in the Netherlands, and plans another one in Rustico, P.E.I. He came to the Island to escape the bureaucracy that, he feels, over-regulates farming in Holland. Here, "you are a lot freer to do what you like to do. In Holland, there are a lot of people standing in the road."

Not only Dutch and German farmers but also Swiss, Belgians and British have chosen the Atlantic region as a land of agricultural opportunity. It is. Keith Russell, secretary of the Maritime Farmers' Council, says three-quarters (4.7 million acres) of the potential farmland in Atlantic Canada is still under trees. One survey identifies the Maritimes as having the biggest base of undeveloped arable land on the continent. Moreover, many parts of the Maritimes are ignoring the dykeland legacy of the early Acadian settlers.

"We were the first frontier to be settled," Russell says, "and the last to be cleared and farmed." The missing ingredients are capital and good farmers. Where the farmers come from doesn't matter, Russell says, "as long as they're good neighbors, citizens, and family farmers." Of the immigrants, he adds, "They're some of the finest people we have, and you don't have to go very far back to a time when we were all boat people."

—Harry Thurston



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Newfoundland and Labrador

The mainland media always get it wrong

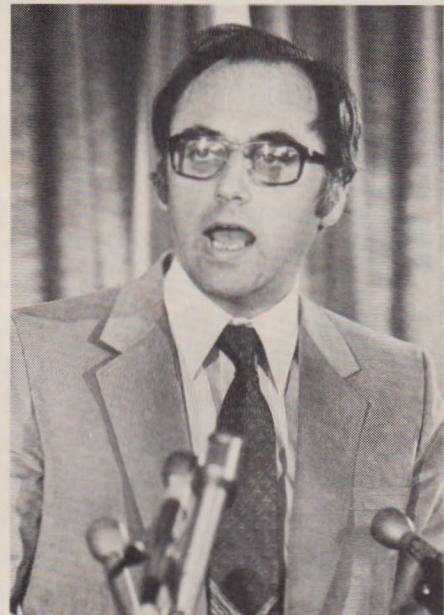
*That's what Newfoundland thinks, anyway.
Peckford's fighting back—with speeches*

Reporters on assignment to Newfoundland have made startling discoveries. In a series for *The Globe and Mail*, David Lancashire revealed that, just like Toronto, St. John's has shopping malls with steakhouse-nightclubs, and that the weather isn't all that bad. He apparently didn't twig to the joker in whoever it was that told him Newfoundland is a place "where soil is so scarce people bury their dead in the ocean." He used this in a major story on Brian Peckford. That was too much for Rosanne Cashin, a CBC broadcaster in St. John's. "We usually manage to dislodge a few handfuls of dirt to sprinkle over them," she shot back on morning radio. The report was just another "annoying" illustration of "how the mainland press sees us," she said. Cashin predicted offshore wealth (the thing attracting reporters in droves) would not free Newfoundlanders of their stereotype images: "Even if we do become filthy rich from oil, we're not above tossing our relatives into the sea on occasion."

For Peckford and his advisers, such press indulgences are only the tip of a menacing iceberg of miscommunication. What matters more is that they have had such difficulty winning allies to Newfoundland's claim on offshore resources. "We seek to achieve economic parity, to do ourselves what 30 years of federal handouts has not achieved," Peckford told the Empire Club in Toronto. "I am aware that throughout our nation some have not seen our objectives entirely in that light." That was something of an understatement.

Newfoundland's future may look bright, but its present reputation as a welfare state remains troublesome to the Peckford government. Finance Minister John Collins, in his second budget speech, tried to correct the idea that Newfoundland has not been an active partner in Confederation. Besides "the millions poured into the national treasury," Collins listed "the disproportionately large sums of foreign exchange earned for Canada by our predominantly foreign exports of fish and forestry products." Add to that the

jobs created on the mainland by iron and other ore that goes there unprocessed. Moreover, "Let us not forget the outrage of our enforced subsidy to the province of Quebec, through the sale of underpriced power from the Churchill River." And sweetest of all, Newfoundland's offshore discoveries have been propping up the Canadian dollar. If such a balance sheet were to exist, and if Newfoundland's contributions were no longer "consistently undervalued," Collins concluded, "the credit might well be in our favor."



Nfld.'s reputation troubles Peckford

For several months now, Peckford has been carrying on an orchestrated attack on mainlanders' misconceptions about Newfoundland. Besides undertaking a run of speaking tours and open-line dates, he has met privately, for example, with the publisher and editorial writers of *The Globe and Mail*. For an April weekend of meetings with New York utility officials press secretary Frank Petten, a public relations professional, had the *Wall Street Journal*, *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Fortune* magazine and the *Petroleum Weekly* lined up for interviews with the premier. Peckford plans

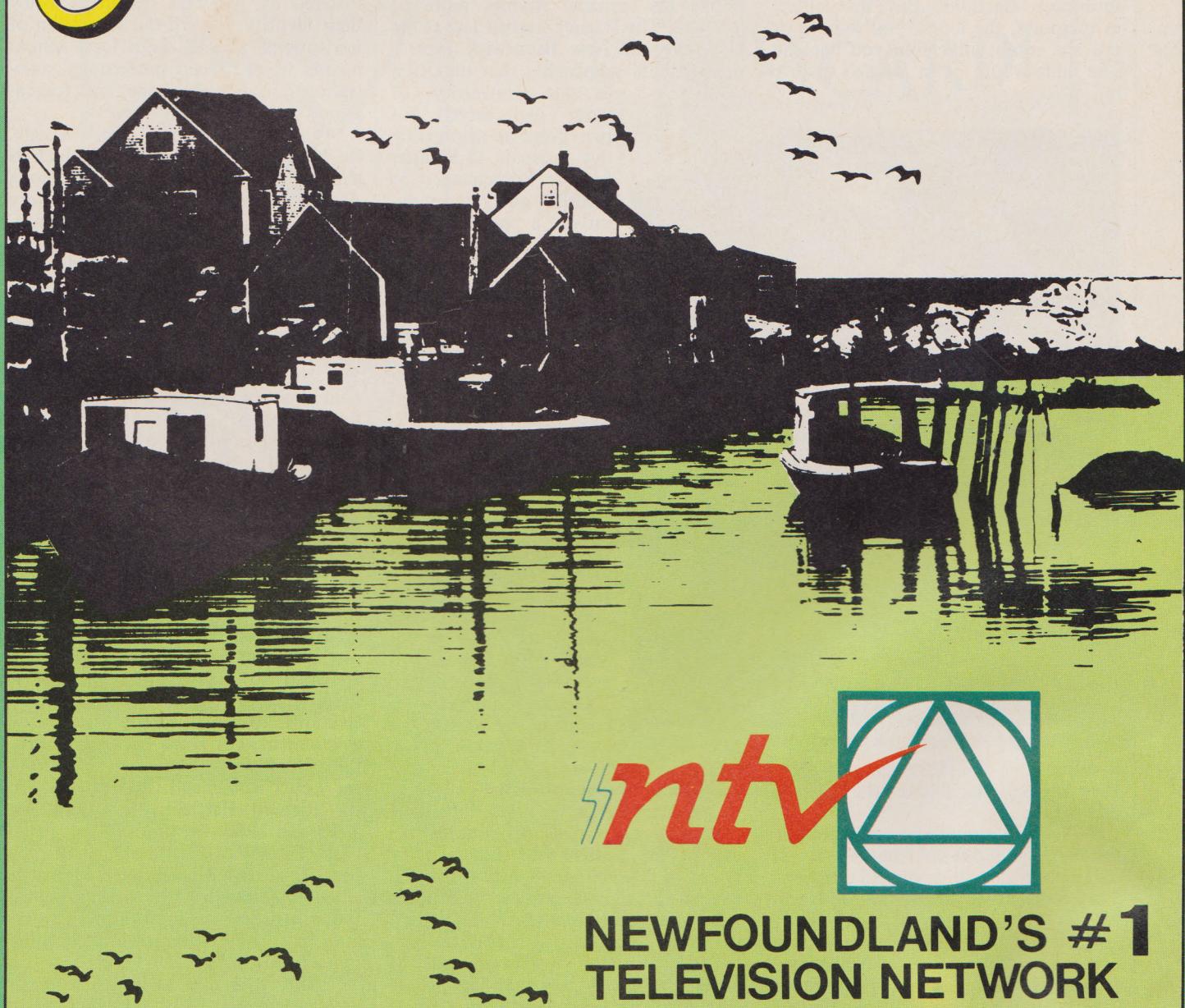
another tour through Halifax, Ottawa and Toronto, and may venture further west later in the year. "We feel Newfoundland's position needs to be clear," Petten says. "We're not strong enough politically to demand recognition of offshore rights all by ourselves. We need the support of other provinces." For Newfoundland premiers to fight their province's image problems by grabbing the media's bull by the horns is not new. Frank Moores sent journalists to unsympathetic places to deliver the facts on the seal hunt. In his turn, Peckford has two image battles to fight: His province's and his own.

At the Empire Club Peckford gave a short course in Newfoundland's political economy. They had a lot to learn, it turned out. When he got round to the Churchill Falls hydro-power contract, he translated the "unconscionable inequities" into language this Upper Canadian establishment fraternity could understand: It was as if Quebec had exclusive access to oil at \$1.80 per barrel for the first 40 years of the contract, he said, and at \$1.50 per barrel for the following 25 years. The strategy worked. There was a sound of astonished men sucking air. Peckford let this message sink in before going on to wrap up his speech.

Sometimes progress is slower. The week before that speech, the *Toronto Star* said Peckford was known back home as "the wild-eyed man from Green Bay" who "has many people believing they'll be millionaires." John Picton's stories on "the new-found boom" described a hyped-up, dreamlike atmosphere in the province, fuelled by political optimism. That must have made the premier's office cringe. Whatever its potential, Newfoundland's economy—with the highest per capita provincial debt and the lowest credit rating—desperately needed a good review from business investors and bond buyers. "It's always to your advantage to appear fiscally responsible," says Patten, "and they focus on the man at the top." And "the wild-eyed man from Green Bay" is not a responsible image for the man at the top. So Peckford is toning down his language, trying to keep his own image from getting in the way of his message. That doesn't mean he won't change again. As he told the student in Charlottetown who asked him how he felt being followed by cameras all the time: "The media have a job to do. They'll use me, and I'll use them. And we'll see who wins."

—Amy Zierler

Living in *Newfoundland*



ntv



**NEWFOUNDLAND'S #1
TELEVISION NETWORK**

Can Daigle beat Hatfield? Maybe. Place your bets

If Jimmy the Greek, or whatever his name is, made book on New Brunswick elections he would probably give Joe Daigle, a Liberal whose heroes include Robert Stanfield, a 50-50 chance of becoming the province's next premier. Richard Hatfield has held office since 1970, which makes him the dean of Canada's provincial first ministers. He is the only Conservative premier in New Brunswick history to win three successive elections. But in politics, as in sports, the longer you've been on top the more vulnerable you become. The odds would be in Daigle's favor if

whose careful and soft-spoken manner in conversation is in sharp contrast to his somewhat strident platform personality, says he isn't at all sure that he had it won going in. He attributes his defeat to weak organization in certain key areas.

Seventh among the nine children of an Acadian farmer who "never had more than \$10 in his wallet," Joseph Z. Daigle (when pronounced by an anglophone his surname rhymes more or less with The Hague) studied law at the University of New Brunswick, won a postgraduate scholarship that took him

to the University of Paris, and served for two years as administrative assistant to Premier Louis Robichaud, as colorful, gutsy and innovative a politician as Canada has ever produced. In 1967, Robichaud made him a provincial court judge, the youngest (at 32) in New Brunswick history.

He "loved the law" but "holding court in Kent County, where it is 85% French, when there was no French version of our *Statutes*, I found I had a very inefficient tool to work with. I was very unhappy." When invited to undertake a translation of the *Statutes* he asked for a month to make up his mind, "but actually I accepted in three days." It took four years to complete the translation.

"New Brunswick is the only place in the world in which this has been done," he says proudly.

A member of the legislature since '74 (his Conservative opponent lost his deposit) and leader of the Liberal party since '78, Daigle says one of his priorities, if he becomes premier, will be to tailor the development of natural resources—"our basic strengths, the soil, the forest, the sea"—to specific sections of the province. "I would like to see administrative units located in each of

our six natural regions. I would even go so far as to decentralize the decision-making process to some extent." Such an arrangement, he believes, would "open up the political process, bring the administrators closer to the people" and carry Robichaud's 1960s Program of Equal Opportunity a step farther: "The first phase of the program provided social equity," Daigle says. "There has to be a Phase 2 to provide economic equity."

In addition, decentralization would "almost solve the language issue." The government could then deal with the fishermen of the northeast in French and the fishermen of the southwest in English. "A much more practical solution than duality of services." This would be in keeping with the trend, fostered by Acadians fearful of losing their identity, toward the separation of institutions, ranging from local school boards to provincial professional associations, into anglophone and franco-phone sections.

The trend doesn't worry Daigle. He believes "this new pride, which is almost a new nationalism" among Acadians can be "very positive, very healthy." In some areas, he thinks, separate unilingual organizations may be more efficient. School boards, for example. But there must be "mingling, interaction."

Daigle "respects politicians who haven't wavered on certain principles," and therefore admires Robert Stanfield. For the same reason, he admires the late U.S. presidential contender Adlai Stevenson and, of course, Louis Robichaud: "His convictions weren't intellectual, they were gut-feelings."

Considering the party standings in the legislature (PCs, 30; Liberals, 28) and the strong smell of election that clung to the budget at the spring session, it isn't unreasonable to expect New Brunswickers to head for the polls again this fall. Will Joe Daigle wind up in the winner's circle? Well, each party possesses so many safe seats that it usually takes two successive general elections to oust a New Brunswick government. For Hugh John Flemming, the crucial years were 1956 and 1960; for Louis Robichaud, 1967 and 1970; for Richard Hatfield, they could be 1978 and 1980. On the other hand, no New Brunswick government in the past 30 years has been defeated except when it imposed a tax that the voters found outrageous. The Hatfield government has cagily withdrawn its hospital users' fee.

Shut your eyes and stick a pin in your program. —Alden Nowlan



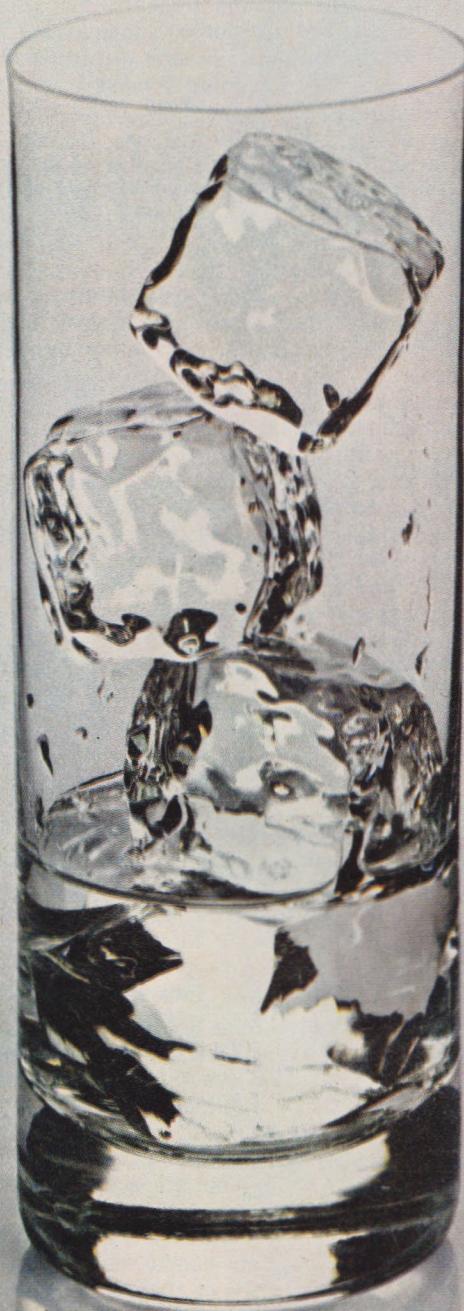
Daigle: Resource development is a priority

it weren't for the fact that he ought to have knocked Hatfield off the last time, and didn't.

There is general agreement that the Liberals were out in front by several lengths at the start of the '78 campaign. They were nosed out at the finish wire by two seats, in spite of (some would say because of) Daigle's contemptuous dismissal of Hatfield as "a faded pansy" to whom he was going to administer "the beating of his life." Daigle himself,

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Prince Edward Island

Has moonshine's day come round at last?

Ethanol (ethyl alcohol) may be the Island's coming glamor fuel. You make it from potato culls, and it's really "a choice brew"

Picture it: You collect your grant from the Prince Edward Island government, buy yourself some crooked pipe and an enormous vat, throw in some yeast and potatoes, stoke up the fire and lie back to smell the sweet fragrance of liquid money bubbling in the pot. It sounds like the fantasy of an Island moonshiner who's been drinking his own Kickapoo Joy-juice. But this is for real. By fall, at least one government-backed still is expected to be brewing the legal version of white lightning: Ethanol, this year's trendy response to the energy crisis. Americans have been making ethanol (ethyl alcohol) for years, mixing it with gasoline and selling it as gasohol. Now the P.E.I. government is interested. It has set aside \$250,000 to help finance one of Canada's first demonstration plants.

The keenest promoters of ethanol include some of the



MacDonald: Opposition just makes him try harder

Island's potato producers. They've been struggling through three lean years of high production costs and low market prices. Some farmers see in ethanol an answer to two problems—cull potatoes (spuds that are undersized or otherwise substandard), and high fuel costs. John MacDonald of Souris Line Road, president of the P.E.I. Potato Producers' Association, says he'll build an ethanol plant on his farm, with or without government grants. Farmers throw away "warehouse upon warehouse" of culls every year. Converted to ethanol, they could mean a little more independence for the farmer.

"There's vast potential in ethanol," MacDonald says. "There's potential for the ordinary farmer, and if he gets in on the ground floor, it's better for the whole community." Ironically, one of the skeptics is a man who'll be helping the pilot plant get started. He's Kirk Brown, executive

director of the P.E.I. Energy Corporation. Brown says he wants to go ahead with the project only because there's so much public interest in ethanol.

If a farmer wants to brew ethanol for his own fuel, burning straw or wood to fire the still, that's fine, says Brown. "But from an overall provincial point of view, ethanol is not as important as the potential for wood, or something like conservation." If a farmer were to heat his house with wood and use the oil he's saved in his tractor, "that, to me, is a more sensible tradeoff than producing ethanol." John MacDonald's response is unequivocal. "When there are guys like that around," he says, "it just makes me bound and determined that I'm going to make it work."

MacDonald, 32, and his brother Earl, 28, grow 200 acres of potatoes a year, and 20 to 30 acres go "straight to the woods" for burial. "That's 6,000 gallons of fuel right there." Every year, the MacDonalds spend \$9,000 to \$10,000 on fuel, including heating oil. If they can get their plant going this fall, they'll gradually convert all their equipment to ethanol, starting next spring with the tractors. John, Earl and another brother, Hugh, 25, a Dalhousie University student, have been researching ethanol for about a year, inspecting distilleries in the United States, calculating building and production costs.

They propose to build a \$125,000 plant that would burn straw or sawdust, use 20,000 to 30,000 pounds of culls a day and produce 180,000 gallons of ethanol a year. They figure the high-protein waste from the distillation process could be fed to farm animals, and that other crops besides cull potatoes—including weather-damaged crops and over-ripe fruits and vegetables—could be turned into liquid energy. John says it's not unrealistic to foresee the day when ethanol-powered generators are supplying the Island with electricity.

Kirk Brown thinks farmers might be further ahead feeding culls to cattle and cutting back on barley imports. Estimates on the amount of culls now used as cattle feed vary wildly, but go as high as 80%. But even if all the culls from a 50,000-acre crop were converted to ethanol, they'd produce at most 2 million gallons of fuel, or about 3.5% of all the gasoline and diesel fuel consumed on the Island last year. Brown says growing potatoes specifically for ethanol is madness. To produce a gallon of ethanol, you need about 100 pounds of potatoes, which cost about \$4 to grow. "That's \$4 a gallon just for the potatoes, and probably an absolute minimum of 50 cents to \$1 in processing costs. If you want to produce ethanol, you have to go to some kind of grain crop, and even that doesn't look all that good."

Then why is ethanol such a hot item? Partly, Brown contends, because it's big in the States. It's subsidized there—for political reasons, he says—by federal and state tax rebates of 60 cents to \$1.50 a gallon. (Some U.S. producers like to call ethanol "the all-American fuel.") "It sounds nice to be able to grow all your own fuel and tell the Arabs to shove it," says Brown. "But it's not going to work that way from my point of view."

Brown just doesn't believe ethanol is quite the bargain it's made out to be: "There are people who come in here and tell me that on 5% to 10% of their acreage, they can grow all their own fuel. That's only partly true. If you subtract what goes into tractor fuels, fertilizers and other things, you use up a lot of that apparently available energy." On that point, Brown can cite third-hand information from the real experts—guys who've been brewing moonshine for years. Considering the expense and labor involved, some of them say, it's positively sinful to pour that choice brew into somebody's gas tank.

—Marian Bruce

Our employees and their interesting hobbies

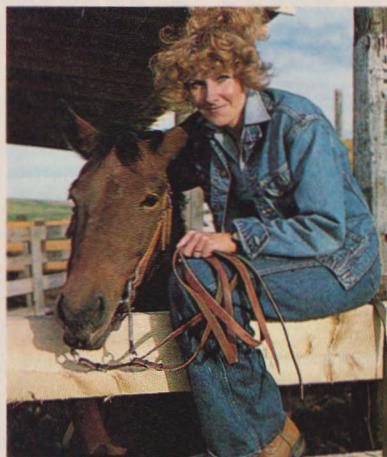
SANDY MCNEIL

Sandy McNeil was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and joined the Company in May 1969. Her present position is that of Accounts Payable Supervisor at our Vancouver office. Although photography is one of her favorite hobbies, she also enjoys swimming, skiing, gourmet cooking and growing house plants (she now has 50 plants). In addition to all these activities she is raising a purebred chinchilla persian cat for show.



HEATHER GAIL JEFFERY

Heather Gail Jeffery is a native of Calgary, who holds the position of Terminal Operations Clerk at our Calgary office. Horseback riding is one of her favorite hobbies but she is also interested in long distance biking, jogging, cross-country skiing, deep sea fishing and going on boating trips in remote areas. She also does some modelling.



MONICA SMISHEK

Monica Smishek has been with CCL since 1971 and is a Secretary at the Saskatoon office. She is married and the mother of one daughter. Monica is an enthusiastic curler. She was a member of a curling rink which won an inter-company bonspiel organized by a group of construction firms operating in Saskatoon. She also enjoys sewing.



GRACE LIM

Grace Lim, whose nationality is Chinese (Canadian Citizen since 1977) was born in Singapore. She joined the Company in August 1972 and her present position is that of Payroll Administrator at the Vancouver office. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Lim are the proud parents of two sons and three daughters; however, Grace still finds time to get involved in gardening (outdoor, especially roses and indoor plants) sewing and embroidering.



SANDRA THOMSON

Sandra Thomson is a Montrealer who holds a position of Secretary with the Internal Audit Department, joined the Company in April 1972. Although she is interested in sketching and painting, her most successful hobby has been in the field of show dog breeding and her two cocker spaniels, Poncho and Robbie, have won a variety of awards.



DONNA WOOD

Donna Wood, who was born in Montreal, joined the Halifax office staff in January 1978 where she now serves as Accounts Payable Clerk. She is very adept at sewing and tailoring and she also likes hiking, camping, cycling trips in the summer, skating and both cross-country and downhill skiing in the winter.



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Nova Scotia

Can a nice (bland) Sherbrooke boy capture the Liberal leadership?

Friends call Sandy Cameron "very, very sincere." It's not spectacular, but it may be enough

Don't try to tell Sherbrooke postmaster Frank Jordan that nice guys finish last. As the N.S. Liberal leadership convention approaches, Jordan's convinced that A.M. (Sandy) Cameron, perennial nice guy of provincial politics and favorite son of Sherbrooke, will emerge as the party's new leader. "Shortly after he entered politics," Jordan recalls, "I told him, 'Sandy, someday you're going to be premier.' I think it's going to happen."

Jordan's parochial pride in the home-town boy is easy to dismiss. But his view is shared by a number of the

hardly a murmur of criticism from even the most partisan political opponents. If he's able to hold his early lead, the party is in for a sharp break from the flashy, combative leadership of Regan.

"Sandy Cameron has never dazzled anybody with his brilliance," says provincial NDP leader Jeremy Akerman, "but he's very intelligent and he's very honest. He's also the most decent of the leadership candidates." Longtime Regan aide Jim Robson calls Cameron "a good chap to work with." Dean Salsman, former president of Industrial Estates Ltd., the Crown agency that came under Cameron's aegis as Development minister, describes him as "a good fellow: Sober, responsible, reliable." CBC executive Frank Nicholson, who was Cameron's boss during his stint as a farm commentator, calls him "very, very sincere." Finding someone to say anything nasty about Sandy Cameron is as tough as finding someone to attack the Queen at an IODE brunch.

Cameron's credentials as a rural politician are impeccable. He was born on the same small Sherbrooke farm where he makes his home today. His father and grandfather served in the Nova Scotia legislature. His father, a popular local lawyer, maintained a herd of Jerseys and bottled milk for delivery to local customers. The Camerons also kept the community bull.

Cameron graduated from the Nova Scotia Agricultural College and Macdonald College at McGill University and then ran through a rapid succession of careers: Farmer, provincial agricultural representative, CBC farm commentator. The CBC experience was not a happy one. "He was a terrifically nice guy," says one co-worker, "but he was a terrible broadcaster. I hope he wouldn't run the province the way he ran *Radio Noon*." When CBC management gave him a gentle nudge, Cameron took the hint and went to work running the real estate division for the Liberal-connected firm of MacCulloch and Co.

In 1973 he ran and won in a Guysborough byelection. Premier Regan named him minister of Fisheries seven months later. He added the Lands and Forests portfolio in 1975 and the fol-

lowing year he moved to Development. Reviews of his performance as a cabinet minister are mixed. In Fisheries, he established a policy of frequent contacts with inshore fishermen. "It was the first time a minister of Fisheries would go sailing into a one-room schoolhouse with a bunch of fishermen and boot things around with them," Frank Nicholson says. "Until then, that just wasn't done." In Development, Cameron supervised establishment of grants programs to assist small rural industries and spur renovation of downtown areas in cities and towns. "He was good in Fisheries," says Akerman, "but then he got saddled with Development which Regan wanted to run as a kind of personal department, so he did a lot of rubber stamping for the boss."

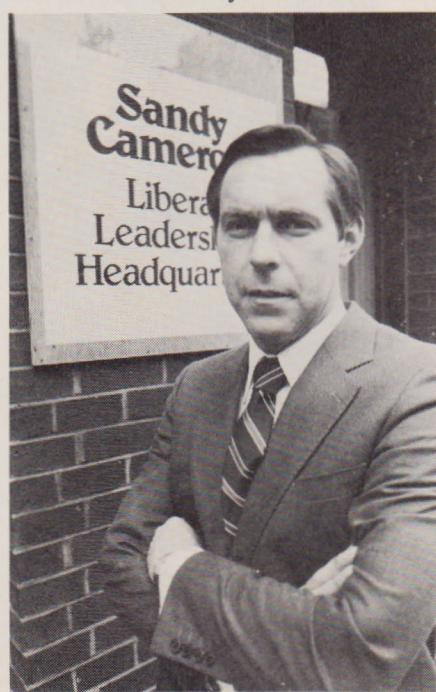
Aside from his gentlemanly demeanor, Cameron's most notable quality is a kind of blandness. He's medium-build, though a trifle beamier than he looks in photos. His rustic good looks fall short of handsomeness. His positions on issues are unspectacular. (Replying to a question about the candidate's views on nuclear power, an aide shrugged. "Well, he's not pro-nuclear, yet he's not anti-nuclear.") Asked what books he's read recently, Cameron replies, "I'm not an extensive reader. Most of what I've read in the last four years has been subsidiary DREE agreements and articles on how to negotiate with the federal government." His favorite music? "I'm somewhat partial to western music when I listen to music at all. I'm not a great fan of radio or TV. I find when I want to relax, I go outside. I like to putter around the yard, drive the tractor or something."

When he decided to run for the leadership, Cameron's biggest concern was avoiding manipulation by public relations experts. "I don't want somebody to change me into something I'm not, to hire a professional speech therapist or something. I don't know how to properly express it to you. I don't want to be built up to something I don't represent." And what does he represent? "I'm truly a middle-of-the-road politician." With that, he will find no argument.

—Parker Barss Donham

Sandy
Cameron
Liberal
Leadership
Headquarters

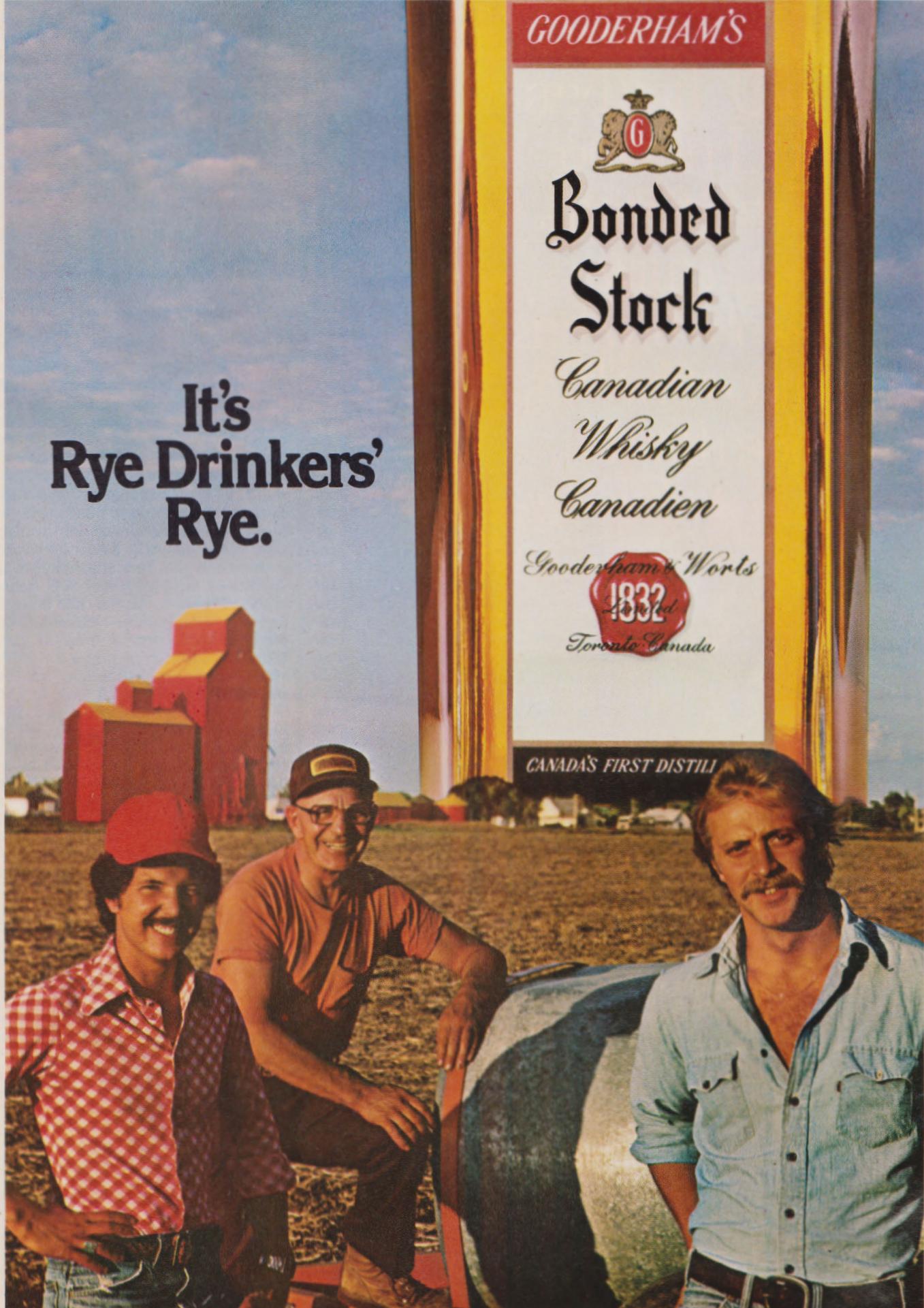
PETER PARSONS



Cameron: A true middle-of-the-road man

province's keenest political pundits. In early May, with the convention about a month off, they were giving Cameron the edge on fellow MLAs Vince MacLean (Cape Breton South) and Fraser Mooney (Yarmouth), and Halifax lawyer Ken MacInnis (the only non-caucus member in the race).

Cameron's emergence as the man to beat in the Liberal leadership race caught many Nova Scotians by surprise. He was never a standout in former premier Gerald Regan's cabinet. His style is so mild and congenial it draws



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Ottawa Diary

Those important (no kidding) private members' bills

*They cover everything from opinion polls to sick fish.
And have you heard the one about the coal-burning car?*

It's those Very Important issues, the headline grabbers, like national unity, oil prices, interest rates and unemployment, that usually preoccupy the minds of Ottawa's MPs and senators. But many of them, including those from Atlantic Canada, also have pet hobby-horses. They pop up in private members' bills which rarely, if ever, get passed. But hope springs eternal, and these legislators don't give up easily.

Take **Robert Coates** (PC-Cumberland-Colchester), president of the Progressive Conservative Party and a Nova Scotia MP for 23 years. For 12 of those years, he has been pushing his fellow members to ban the use of public opinion polls during elections. He's convinced that polls influence voter patterns and he's introduced four private member's bills bent on getting rid of them. Tory colleagues support him. He says it's the Liberals who aren't so willing to co-operate. "He'll reintroduce the bill again, even though it has no hope of becoming law," says Coates's assistant, **Rick Logan**. "He hasn't stopped talking about the banning of polls for years. It's his personal crusade."

Mike Forrestall (PC-Dartmouth-Halifax East), chairman of the Conservatives' Atlantic caucus, also has a mission. As a young man he worked on oil tankers around the Caribbean. Now, he fears the Caribbean countries are gravitating toward Moscow. Forrestall wants to strength-

en old trade links between Atlantic Canada and the Caribbean. This session he'll push for a review of Canada-Caribbean relations, and in the Senate, **Heath Macquarie** (PC-Prince Edward Island) will do the same.

Think of "referendum" and Réne Lévesque's "oui" or "non" vote on sovereignty-association comes to mind. **Gary McCauley** (L-Moncton) wants referendums too. But his are meant to strengthen national unity by letting everyone have a say in the decision making. Twenty-three million Canadians, sitting down in front of their television sets and pressing a button to signal views on controversial subjects like abortion or capital punishment? That's not far off McCauley's goal. He's planning his strategy, even though he confesses: "I've talked about it with a few people. There's not much sympathy." In the past, the only referendums in eastern Canada have been on



Charge of the Maritime hobbyhorse

liquor laws.

Senator Elsie Inman (L-Prince Edward Island) is 89 and plagued by arthritis. But she's still working—and she thinks more senior citizens should be, too. During the last session, she sat on a special Senate committee on retirement-age policies. (Its report is due soon.) Now, Senator Inman is lobbying the government to draft legislation to allow those over 65 to keep on working. "So many times, people have had to retire when there's no need for it," she says. "It's such a waste."

Pat Nowlan (PC-Annapolis Valley-Hants) has a favorite hobbyhorse that's produced three private member's bills, and will bring a fourth during this Parliament. He wants "Nova Scotia" to be the only official name for his province, and suggests the commonly used French version, Nouvelle-Ecosse (which translates New Scotland), be scrapped. Nowlan says it's not anti-French—just true to Latin roots of the province's name. But his proposal is as explosive as a keg of dynamite, and until there is a unanimous agreement—if ever—his bill will continue to be printed in both official languages, with Nouvelle-Ecosse appearing frequently.

A veterinary school for sick fish? It sounds silly but an entire branch of veterinary research is developing around preventive medicine for the ocean's fish stocks. That's one reason why **Tom McMillan** (PC-Hillsborough) has a private member's bill calling for a veterinary college on Prince Edward Island. It looked like the project might go to British Columbia because folks in Atlantic Canada couldn't agree on a site (see *Insight*, Dec. 1979). A major actor in this regional tiff was former Nova Scotia premier **Gerald Regan**, who wanted the college for his own province. Now Regan is Labor minister in Ottawa and, with one eye on the Liberal leadership and the other on capturing support from Atlantic Canada's convention delegates, he's less feisty about defending the N.S. site. "I think the situation is quite ripe now for agreement," McMillan says.

Scientists haven't come up with an elixir that will turn base metals into gold, but they have developed a way to turn coal into oil for automobiles. **Lloyd Crouse** (PC-South Shore) first heard of the process in 1975, when he visited South Africa. He figures it should work in Nova Scotia and he's been promoting it by writing articles and speaking in the House of Commons. "I'm still of a mind this is something that should be investigated," he says. Until recently, the barrier has always been the cost. But with international oil prices skyrocketing, even that may be a less prohibitive factor.

—Julianne Labreche

Tia Maria goes with Paul
and with Carol
or with Bali
and with milk
or with music
and with dessert
and with coffee
and with soda
and especially with friends



Tia Maria goes.

What makes Roméo LeBlanc the guy fish companies love to hate?

Loyalty has a lot to do with it. Loyalty to fishermen, that is

As soon as the ballots were counted in last February's federal election, the messages began to pour in from eastern Canada. The torrent of telegrams, letters and press comments had nothing to do with the question of which freshly sanitized Liberal MPs should be named to the crucial positions of minister of Finance and minister of Energy. Instead, they were earnest pleas from Atlantic fishermen's groups for Trudeau to give former Fisheries minister Roméo LeBlanc his old job back. And equally insistent demands from fish company spokesmen

and provincial politicians that he give the job to someone—anyone—else.

In the end, Trudeau gave in to the fishermen, but he asked LeBlanc

to pass on a prime ministerial message

to all his vocal supporters.

"Tell them," he urged

LeBlanc, "that you

can't be the minis-

ter of Fisheries for-

ever." Perhaps not. But LeBlanc, who spent his previous five cabinet years tending to the needs of fish and fishermen, has already survived earlier attempts by fishing industry groups to have him shuffled out of their bailiwick and even efforts by Trudeau himself to get him to consider moving to a higher profile position.

The truth is that LeBlanc—once described by his friend and former Trudeau press secretary, Dick O'Hagan, as "a combination of a *curé* and a social worker"—loves the job. He sees it as one way of returning the benefits of the fishery to the inshore fishermen, the real backbone of the industry. "Any entrepreneur or business that builds either on cheap labor or on very low prices to fishermen, farmers or woodsmen," he said in the 1974 ministerial speech that staked out his ideological

turf, "should have correspondingly little claim to the public purse or the public sympathy." He's also argued that if the 200-mile limit does nothing more than sweeten the coffers of the industry giants, then the policy will have been a complete failure.

Such comments help explain why the heads of the large fish companies and their supporters in Atlantic provincial governments were apoplectic at the mere thought of LeBlanc's return to the Fisheries Department. It does little, however, to explain exactly why Roméo LeBlanc works so hard to cast himself in the unlikely role of "the fishermen's friend." "I know it sounds corny," says his wife Lyn, "but if you're going to understand Roméo, you have to understand his background. He's the one person in a thousand from his area who made it and he feels he owes a debt for that. That's what drives him."

LeBlanc's area was and is farming-fishing-getting-by Acadian New Brunswick. He was born in 1927 in Memramcook, a small French-speaking community 15 miles south of Moncton. His father, a sometime CN trainman and subsistence farmer, thought that schooling was a waste of time and Roméo, like his six older brothers and sisters, probably wouldn't have got out of Grade 8 or Memramcook if a priest at nearby St. Joseph's College (now the University of Moncton), hadn't offered to take a load of his father's lumber as a down payment on tuition.

LeBlanc graduated from St. Joseph's with a BA in 1948, donned his \$36 Eaton's suit, packed a borrowed suitcase, and headed for Montreal. Though he seemed to fit like a glove into the city's academic and intellectual society (and toyed with the idea of settling there permanently), LeBlanc was dogged by a sense of guilt over what he considered the still unpaid spiritual debt for his education and he soon returned to New Brunswick and a two-year stint as a teacher in the tiny Acadian community of Drummond. Even later, during two years of studying French and history on

a scholarship to the Sorbonne, eight more years as a high-profile journalist for Radio-Canada in Ottawa, London and Washington, and another five years as press secretary to Lester Pearson and Pierre Trudeau, LeBlanc never escaped that guilt. He came home to New Brunswick in 1971 as assistant to the president of the University of Moncton. A year later, the people in Memramcook and surrounding communities sent him back to Ottawa as their member of Parliament.

In politically ambitious Ottawa, LeBlanc is still an oddity. He once turned down a chance to become a parliamentary secretary—the usual stepping stone to a cabinet post—because the job offered him no chance to improve the lot of his New Brunswick constituents. When he did finally join the cabinet as Fisheries minister in 1974, he took the job only after getting personal assurances from Trudeau that he would be permitted to perform the same role for fishermen that Eugene Whelan was already playing for Canadian farmers. Later, he pushed successfully for Trudeau to hive off his responsibilities for the environment into a separate federal department so that he would have more time to devote to fisheries issues. Now, after a brief hiatus, LeBlanc is back at his accustomed post. And stirring up the usual controversies.

Late this spring, he slapped down a suggestion from Maritime fish processors that they get control over this year's direct fish sales to foreign buyers by inshore fishermen. LeBlanc, who has been using the increased competition from the direct sales as a partial means of goosing the fish companies into offering guaranteed and higher prices to fishermen for their catch, dismissed the idea as a "straw proposal" designed to put total control over the industry back into the hands of the companies. The companies warned that LeBlanc's refusal would cost the Canadian economy millions of dollars and threatened to re-think major investment decisions because of it. He didn't budge. "It's just like old times," groaned an industry executive. "And just like Roméo."

Despite Trudeau's suggestion that LeBlanc will someday be given a different posting, industry officials aren't betting on it happening soon. They know the record. They won't be surprised—disappointed, for sure, but not surprised—if he is still the Fisheries minister they love to hate after the next cabinet shuffle. And the next.

—Stephen Kimber



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International

Maine farmers sing the potato blues

Enough is enough, they said, blocking border highways to stop a potato flood from New Brunswick. Here's what's bugging them

Will order ever come to the potato business? In March, angry Maine farmers used potatoes and trucks to block ports of entry all along the New Brunswick-Maine border. They were protesting the thousands of tons of Canadian potatoes then cascading onto the U.S. market, and they were a fresh reminder that potato-industry chaos isn't confined to Canada. "We have a terrible marketing system here," admits Maine's new commissioner of agriculture, Stewart Smith. "It's got to be changed if we're going to survive."

The imported Canadian table potatoes were really just a symptom of a larger problem that dates back to the Second World War. In those days the American government boosted potato production with a price-support system that helped get Maine growers into the attractive sideline of packing their potatoes. It also created a network of buyer-dealers who took the chances and handled the selling of the spuds. The system worked well for a while, but its legacy is a complex of 700 independent grower-packers who must assume most of the risks themselves. They competitively undercut one another while the dealers shop among them for bargains.

"They've had a field day with us," one farmer complains. "They've taken

us to the cleaners year after year." Commissioner Smith is more diplomatic: "They do quite well for themselves."

Meanwhile, Maine potato growing has drastically declined. In 1959, Maine still led the U.S. in potato production, with a whopping 240,000 high-yielding acres. But by 1979, it had long since lost its spud supremacy to the likes of Washington and Oregon. Its acreage stood at 115,000 acres. Yields too have been off, thanks to the same poor cultivation practices that have plagued Maritime farmers—for example, straining the land by planting the same ground too often.

The nadir occurred this past winter when prices plunged fully \$5 below a farmer's cost of producing a barrel of potatoes. "I've seen bad years, but I've never seen one as bad as this one," Danny LaBrie said. His farm is at St. Agatha, Me., hard by the New Brunswick border near Edmundston. A 'tater man for 14 of his 34 years, LaBrie helped organize the boundary blockade. Canadians weren't the real target, he stressed, Washington was: The farmers wanted to focus American political attention on their plight.

The Canadian potatoes, however, were hardly helping an already glutted market. Cheap Canadian dollars (as much as 18% below American dollars)



Maine highways department clears potato blockade

had kept American dealers shopping in Canada. "It seems our dealers like to buy from Canada and pocket the exchange," LaBrie charged. "It's so much more profitable for them." Even long after the import quota of 44 million pounds was reached last December, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island potatoes continued to flow into Maine.

The farmers say the extra potatoes entered under the guise of being seed potatoes (which have a separate quota of 114 million pounds) and therefore weren't charged a double tariff of 75 cents per 100 pounds, as they should have been. "Our sources say imports were up to 70%," LaBrie grumbles. Another complaint is that Canadian growers have the advantage of expansive government-aid programs. "They're subsidized on everything but their tractors," Carl DeWitt, New Limerick, Me., declares. DeWitt predicts a full quarter of Maine potato farmers will soon be forced out of business.

Even worse, Maine growers argue, are implications of the current General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). It calls for the eventual elimination of double tariffs on potatoes. But the farmers want Washington to make tariffs prohibitively *high*, whenever prices fall below production costs. Canadians don't like that idea much. "Our philosophy has always been that you're better off with a free and open border," says Chesley Smith of New Brunswick's Agriculture Department. Besides, the U.S. actually exports more potatoes to Canada than it imports (although much of that northbound flow is in the west).

What nearly everybody agrees on is that the real problem is in the marketplace at home, and that's true on both sides of the border. Interestingly, as Maine's Commissioner Smith set out this spring to break the dealers' stranglehold on the marketplace—as a veteran spud farmer, his sympathies are with the growers—so, too, were government officials here. Prompted by three straight years of mashed prices, they were trying to organize potato marketing in eastern Canada. But potato fields will never be mistaken for rose gardens. Nobody expected the task would be easy anywhere, especially since earlier attempts at the same thing were abortive.

Meanwhile, as farmers went about the rites of planting in May, some were close enough to exchange a friendly wave across the border. Boundary disputes here have always had this benign quality, even in times of the worst stress. Perhaps it's because, in the end, the burden is mutual.

—David Folster

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Cover Story



The Atlantic Look

You don't have to go to New York or Montreal to find fashions that celebrate summer. On these pages: The fresh flowering of young designers in St. John's, Fredericton, and south-shore Nova Scotia

By Marilyn MacDonald
Photography by Jack Cusano

When Imy Brown arrived in New Brunswick from Germany in 1967 and took an ad in a local paper to offer her services as a fashion designer, she was such an exotic species people were confused about what she did. One man thought she was a catering service and ordered 100 cocktails. It convinced Brown she'd come to the right place.

"There was a real need," she says. "Women were tired of arriving in cities like Toronto and Montreal looking like poor relations and, even with all the exciting fabrics available, New Brunswick dry-goods shelves were notably dull. I wanted to provide fashions that were stylish as well as attractive and different—one-of-a-kind items."

You can still find the dull dry-goods shelves in the Atlantic region, along with rack upon retailers' rack of identical, mass-produced garments. But they're no longer your only choice. East-coast ideas of fashion are changing, spurred by the work of young designers, some of whom have already made their mark internationally.

Today's Atlantic fashion style grew out of the reawakened interest in crafts that blossomed in the Sixties. Young people discovered the beauty of grandmother's hooked rugs and quilts. "Handmade" became a seal of approval. Craft markets and small, craftsman-owned shops grew up overnight, filled with leather, pewter, pottery. The odd item even began to appear on larger retailers' shelves: A wooden toy, a piece of silver jewelry.

Models:
Cheryl MacLaughlin
Lorraine Ansell
Charlene Phillips
(cover photo); The
Group Model Agency
Shoes:
European Shoes
Hairstyles:
Casa Dante
Makeup:
Terry Ann Brideau
Locations:
Eastern Passage, N.S.
and The News Room,
Halifax

Opposite page, Lorraine Ansell wears Vicki Lynn Bardon's "Fiji"—an off-one-shoulder cloque evening dress in green, rust and blue, bordered in lavender. This page, above, Cheryl MacLaughlin

in Ellen Garvie's white cotton jacket. Right, Charlene Phillips wears Phyllis d'Entremont's white silk quilted jacket with mauve painted apple blossoms on the back over a white cotton camisole and wrap-around skirt. Below, MacLaughlin in Imy Brown's champagne-colored evening gown of crêpe de Chine. The dress is wrap-style with V-neckline, front underlap cut to develop front slit in the skirt. The waist is elasticized, balanced with slit in back



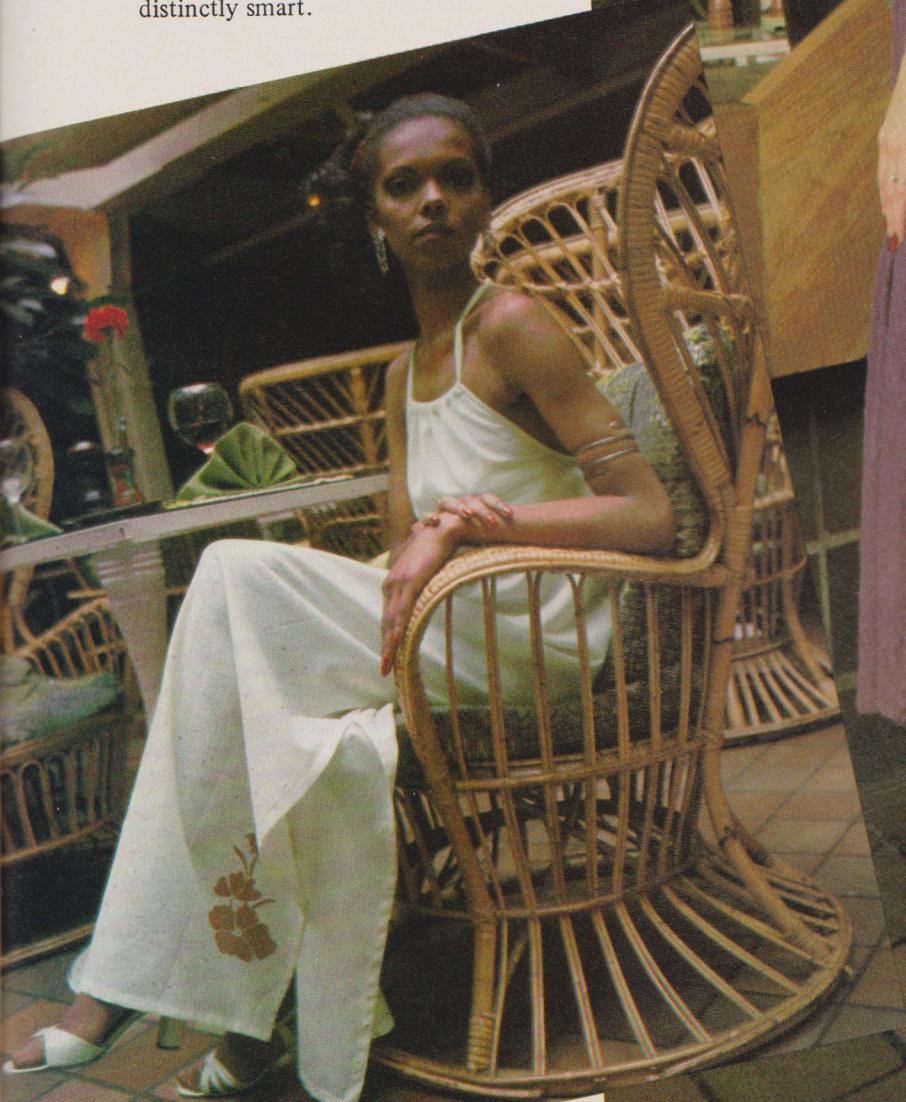


The Atlantic Look

This page, above, navy, red and kelly green striped jacket by Bardon, done in pieces and quilted. Worn over a kelly green playsuit, cuffed and tied with shoestring straps and shoulder straps; left, Bardon's "Sunshine Circus"—a yellow and red sweet-pea print sundress with shoestring straps and full circle skirt. On opposite page, left, Phyllis d'Entremont's floor-length, off-white cotton dress, slit on one side and highlighted with a burgundy-colored lily design near the hemline; right, purple chenille evening gown by Imy Brown. It's mid-calf length and slit up one side. Can be worn off one or both shoulders or strapped with ties.

Vicki Lynn Bardon's Suttles and Seawinds began as a part of the fascination with crafts and the "small is beautiful" concept of cottage industries. Bardon, 32, a native of the small (population, 600) town of New Germany in Lunenburg County, N.S., came home from New York and a design editor's job with *American Home* magazine in 1972, convinced that the considerable talents of local women quilters could be organized to establish a successful business. She was right. Suttles and Seawinds, still based in New Germany, began with quilts, branched into other handcrafted items and, eventually, into fashion.

Bardon now turns out four fashion lines a year and can't keep up with the demand, partly because she and her husband and business partner, Gary, have stuck to a concept of "controlled growth" for the firm. In '78 Bardon's designs picked up a Tommy Award from the American Printed Fabrics Council against competition from world fashion names like Givenchy and Albert Nipon. Her innovative use of fabric won her the award and her fashion style is influenced by her craft roots: Vibrant mixes and matches of color, a look that's warm, maybe even homey, yet distinctly smart.



A short hop from New Germany in Chester, Phyllis d'Entremont's After the Apple is approaching its fourth birthday and expanding to keep up with a constantly increasing demand. D'Entremont, 34, was born in Alberta, grew up in St. John's and planned to become a veterinarian. Then she got hooked on arts and crafts, took a degree in weaving and fabric printing at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and drifted into designing clothes less out of fashion consciousness than out of her interest in the possibilities of textiles.

Like Bardon, d'Entremont sells well throughout Canada. But she dislikes bright colors and prefers working with



pastels. Her fashion look is softer, more subtle and delicate, less reminiscent of quilts than of lovingly handstitched linens. She works only with natural fabric—mostly silks and cottons—and keeps strict control over her print designs: "I have very definite ideas about it." Like Bardon, d'Entremont employs local seamstresses for her custom design work (though expansion may soon force Apple to contract out some part of the garment-production business). She also has help from her husband, Peter, who handles promotion for the firm.

Imy Brown's fashion career arose



The Atlantic Look

Above, Bardon's black seersucker two-piece dress bordered in pewter and rust. Left, Brown's black raw silk jumpsuit features thin spaghetti straps, front-pocket accents. Below, Garvie's blue unbleached cotton dress with fish-bone buttons



after a freak training accident cancelled her hopes as a German junior Olympic gymnast. Her mother, remembering Imy's talent with doll clothes and her own wardrobe, practically forced her into an apprenticeship with a fashion house. She did a stint in the mass-production market (where her favorite designs were often stripped of the special accents she felt made them unique), then went freelance. She moved to Fredericton when the armed forces assigned her Canadian husband, Gary, to CFB Gagetown.

Brown, who sells in Ontario and New York as well as New Brunswick, sees wonderful possibilities in the Atlantic fashion scene. "It's switched dramatically in the last few years," she says. "People are more independent in their thinking. Women who used to wear nothing but pale blues and pinks are now thinking in terms of vibrant colors and elegant black. They're far more fashion conscious." Her designs are simple—and versatile. A sundress can be worn strapless, off one shoulder, or as a long skirt.

Closest to the original crafts concept and farthest from the fashion mainstream are people like Ellen Garvie of St. John's. Garvie calls herself a "clothing builder." From design to detailing, she's a one-woman business and plans to keep it that way. Her look is close to the earth and frankly counter-cultural. It begins with her staple, unbleached cotton (occasionally she uses silk or handwoven wool), cut from a simple sketch, then dyed to a bright but lightly mottled color effect. She finishes with handworked details like quilting, batik, crocheted lace for edging and buttonholes. Beads and buttons can be wood, bone, ceramic, semi-precious stones, shells, even fish vertebrae.

Garvie separates herself from the traditional world of fashion: "I'm trying to offer an alternative to the fashion industry which depends on a large turnover. I'm trying instead to create a kind of timelessness with the materials and the designs." She markets at craft shows in Halifax and St. John's and to a few shops in Toronto. Her dresses sell for about \$40 but pieces with a lot of handworked detail can be more expensive—\$100 to \$300 for a jacket, for example. (A dress by Bardon, d'Entremont or Brown could range from \$80 to \$150, or more.)

What these four and other Atlantic designers share is a desire for individuality. "People are individuals and they find my clothing an expression of that, which is something very hard to find today," Garvie says. Imy Brown puts it another way: "I'd rather be known for 11 very special designs a year than for selling 400 dresses across Canada."

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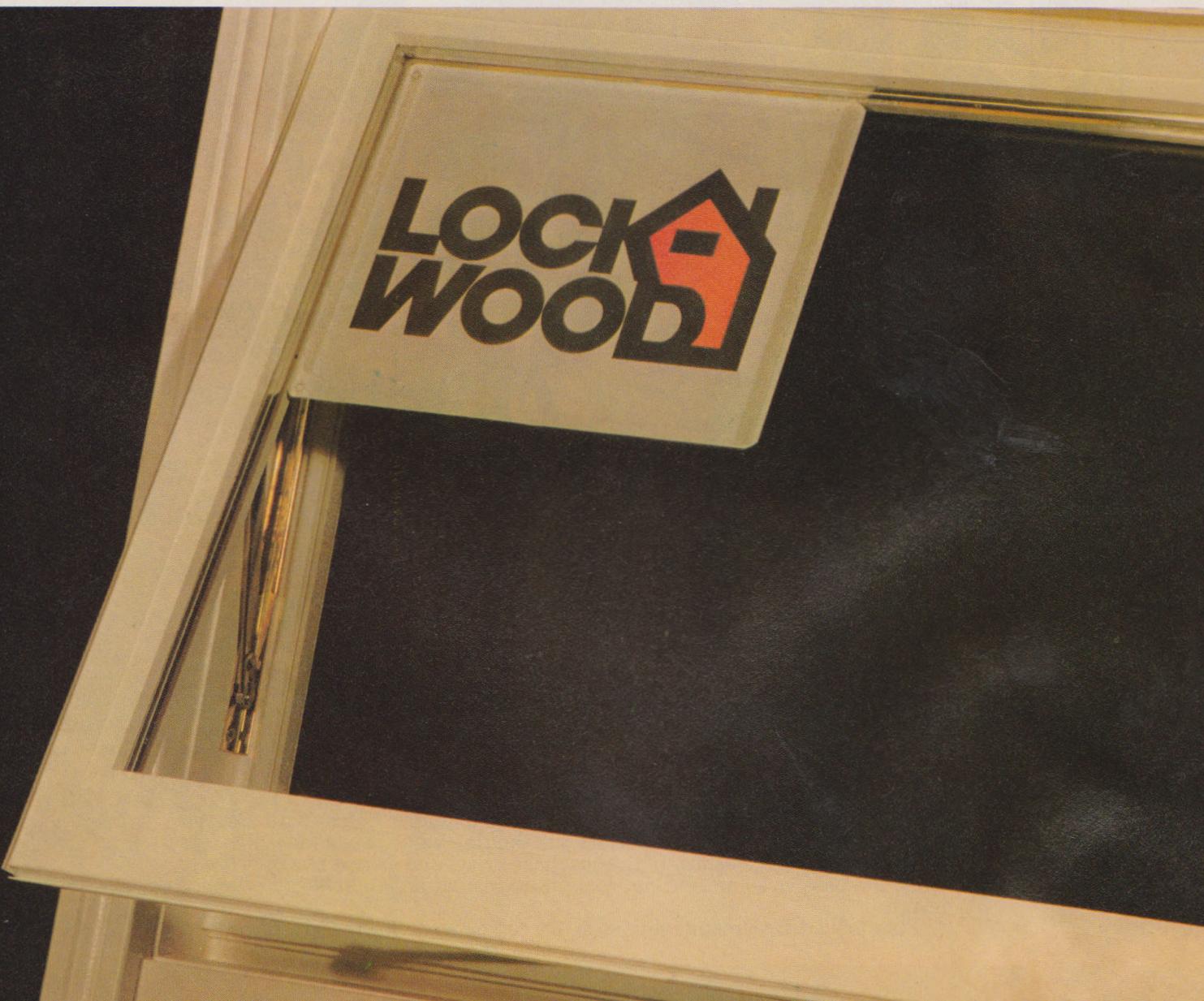
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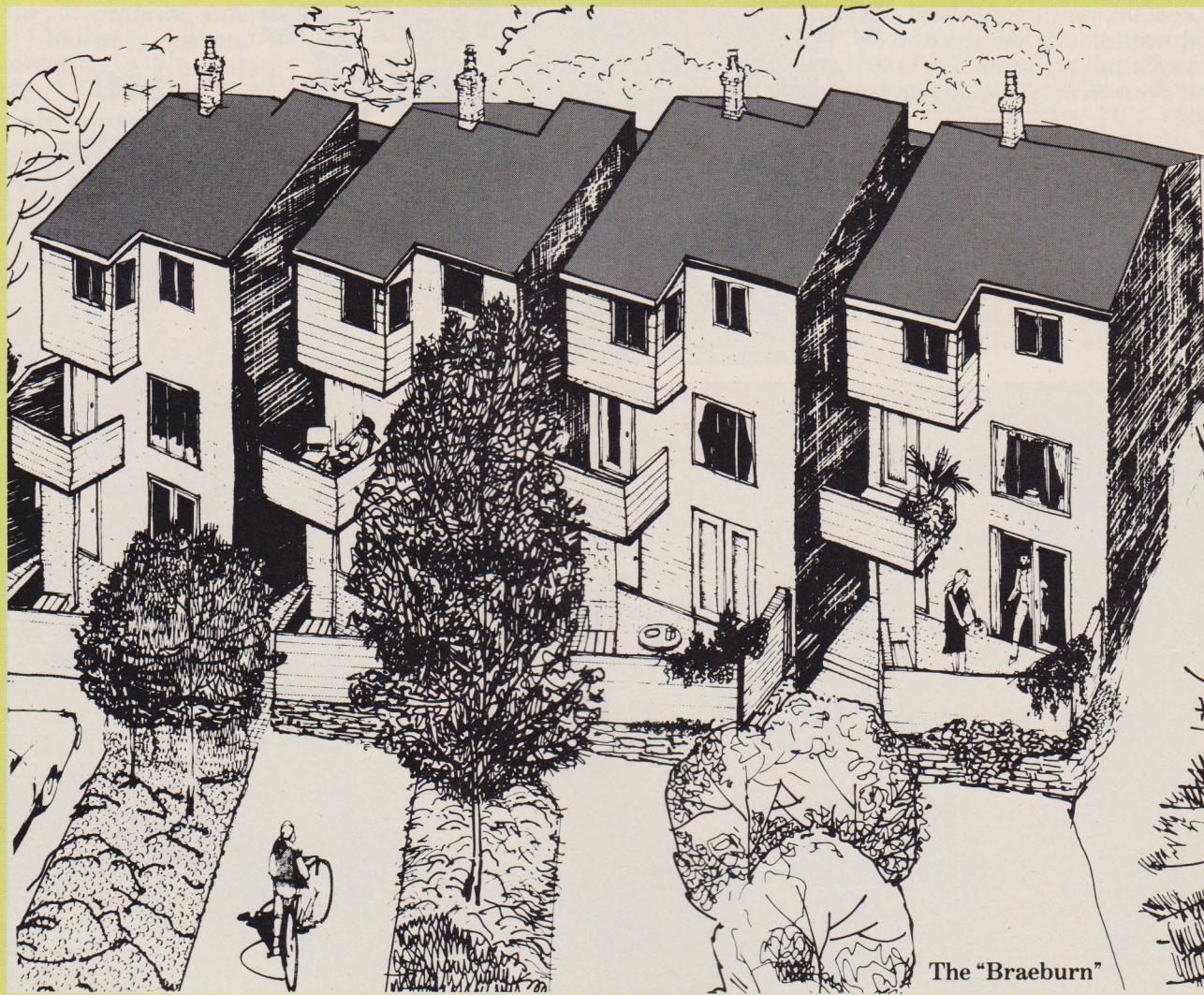
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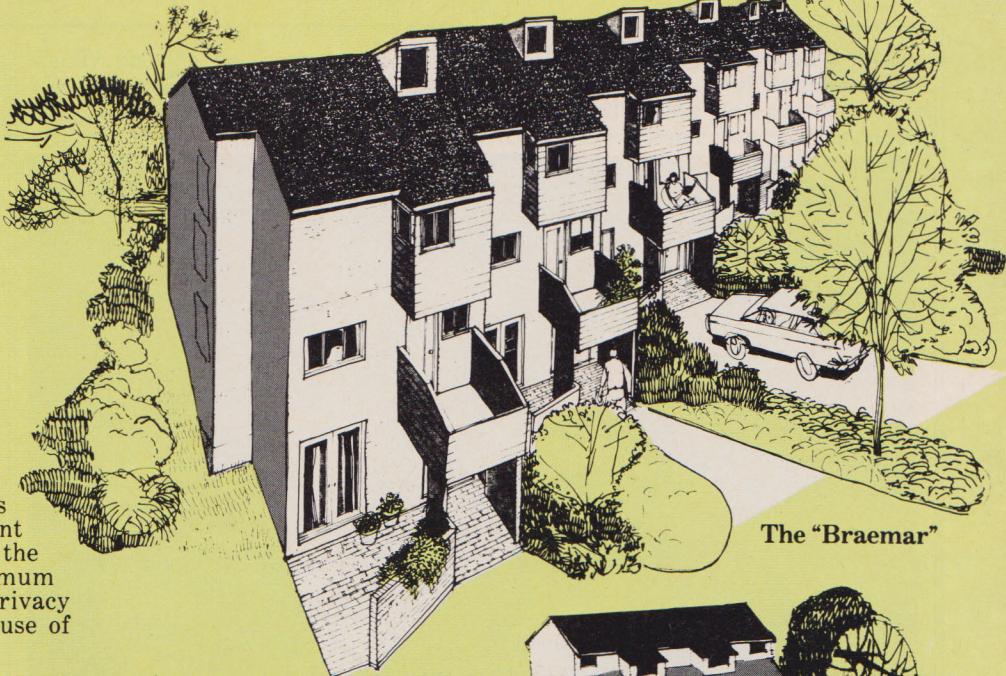
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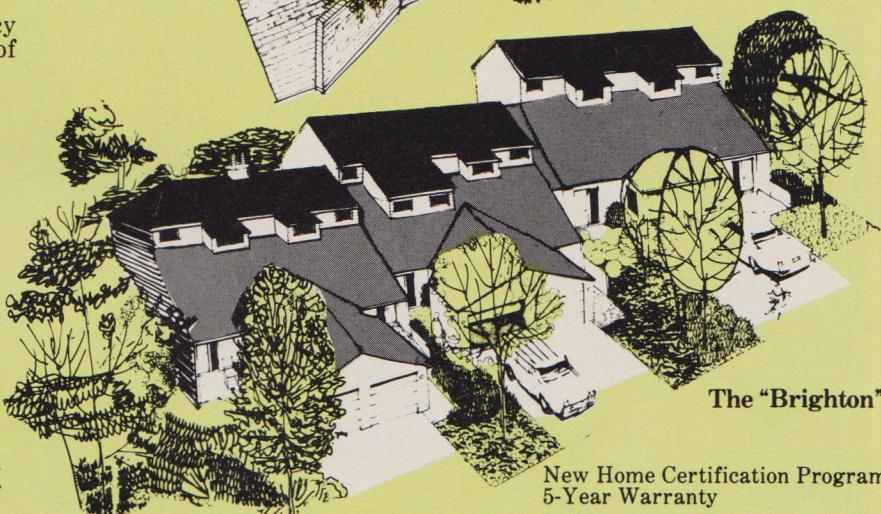
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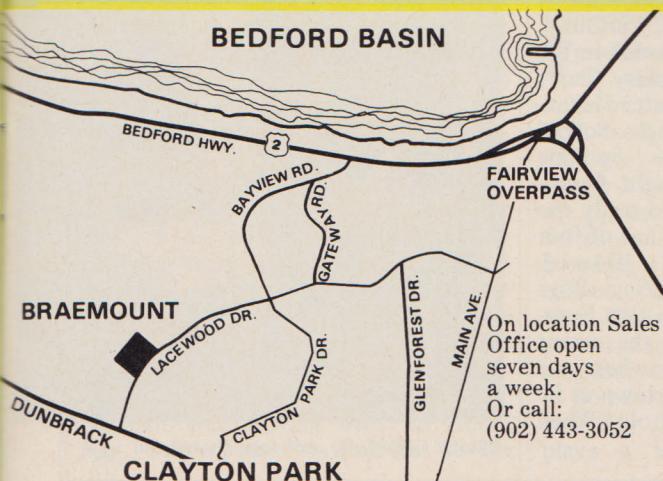


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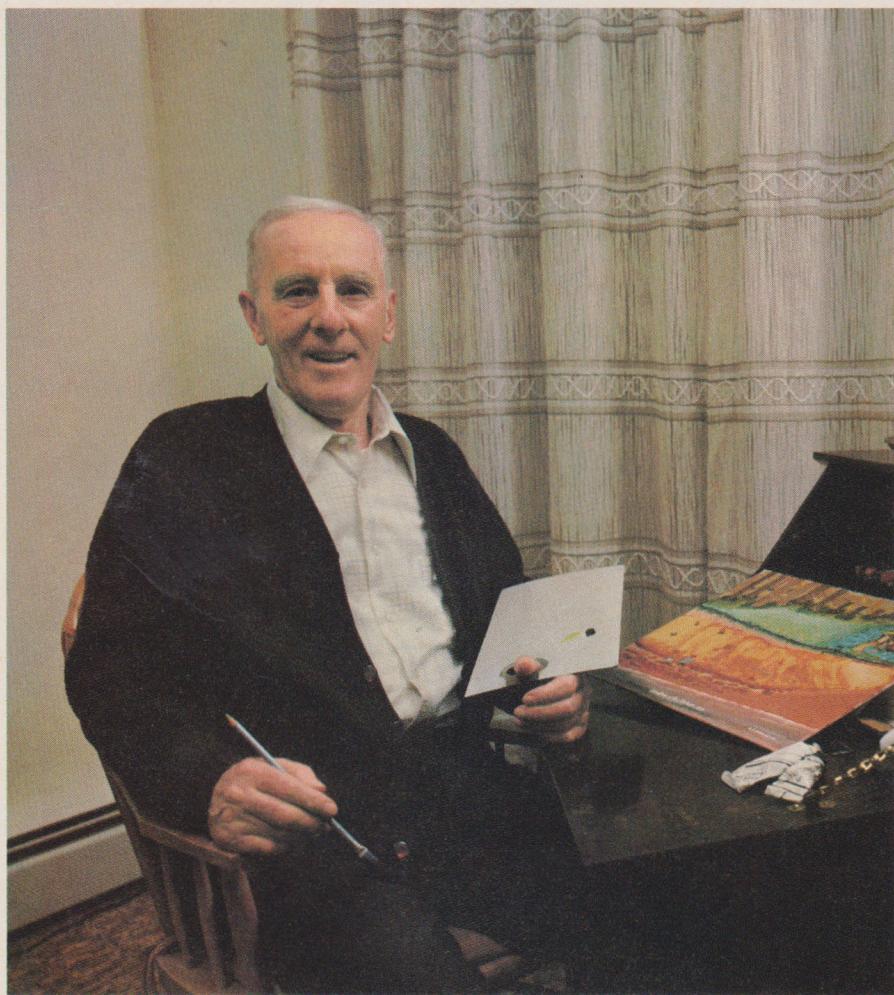
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Folks



With brush and paints, he proves there's no better place than the Island

Alfred Morrison, a retired farmer-fisherman in Charlottetown, says there's no finer spot than the Island and, with a paintbrush, he's passing that message on to younger neighbors who might be considering going down the road. Morrison, in his 70s, is a sixth-generation Islander who used to farm at Pleasant Grove. When he retired, he decided to do something about the exodus of young Islanders. What they needed, he thought, was pride in their province, and a good understanding of their heritage. Reviving an old hobby, he began a series of paintings depicting Island history, and this fall Ragweed Press will publish 35 of them in a book. The P.E.I. Department of Education plans to buy enough books for at least every Grade 6 classroom in the province. In the book, Morrison will describe each scene in his own words, and he'll share a trade secret: To paint well, love your subject. That's easy for him. "Everybody loves Prince Edward Island," he writes, "unless they come from a better place. That would have to be heaven."

One of the songs the Vienna Boys Choir recently sang in Saint John was "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." But how did the head of an Austrian choir know this small Canadian city was full of folks of Irish descent? Easy. He's Michael Gormley, a 29-year-old home-town boy of Irish extraction himself. Gormley is the first non-Austrian to conduct a Vienna Boys Choir since Emperor Maximilian I founded the group in 1498. Curiously, Saint John wasn't even included in the choir's schedule, but the Rotary Club's Len Morgan and Sister Loretta McKinnon of St. Vincent's High School persuaded the New York booking agency to correct the oversight. Gormley went to Vienna in '71 to study the organ, became conductor of one of four 24-member ensembles of 10-to-14-year-olds at the Vienna Boys Choir school in '77. He's gone on two European tours in addition to the recent North American one but nowhere, we bet, did he bring the house down as he did in Saint John with good old "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

Shirley Elliott, the legislative librarian in Halifax, says she doesn't pretend to be an authority on Nova Scotia history, but the publication of her *Nova Scotia Book of Days* makes you doubt her modest disclaimer. The book is a calendar of more than 1,000 achievements and disasters in bluenose history. The events cover every day of the year, and they stretch from June 24, 1497 (Cabot said to have planted flag on Sugarloaf Mountain, Cape Breton) to July 16, 1979 (Dr. Clarence L. Gosse Bridge officially opened over Shubenacadie River). Novelist-historian Thomas H. Raddall, no mean researcher himself, complimented Elliott on "an enormous amount of research." A librarian's daughter, she's run Nova Scotia's elegant Legislative Library since '54. She's been unflaggingly helpful to countless politicians, civil servants, students, historians, tourists and journalists, and the book is partly a product of her diligent digging on their behalf. Rather than repeatedly search for the same obscure dates, she started a file five years ago. One time, seconds before the opening of the House of Assembly, the Speaker frantically asked her to sew elastic bands into his wig. Cheerfully, skillfully—and characteristically—she complied.



Elliott: Cheerfully, unflaggingly helpful



JACK CUSANO

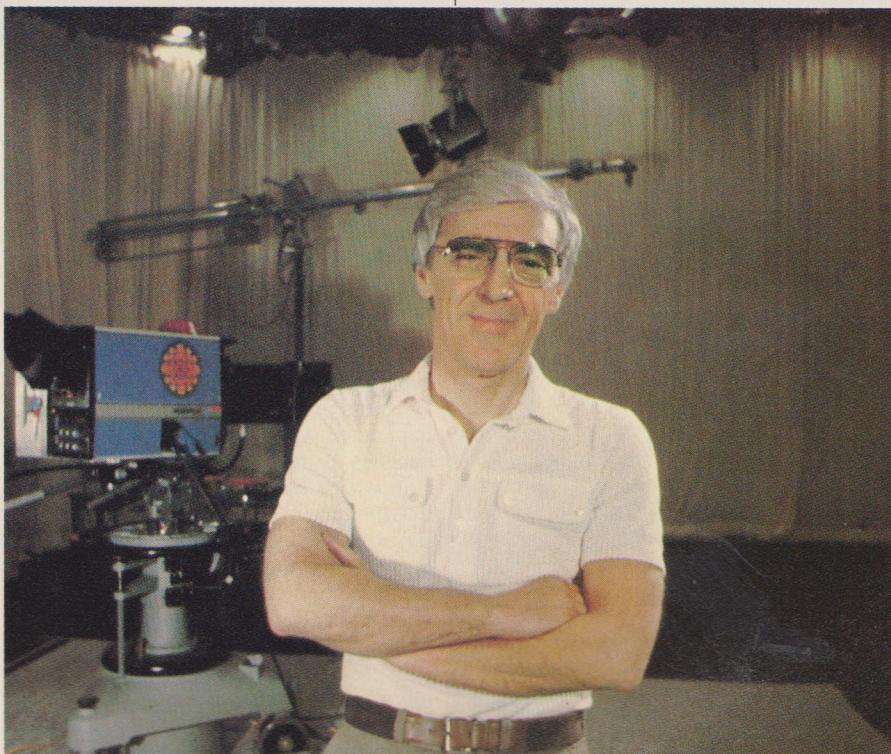
Timmins's star has zoomed

Next stop for entertainer **Sharron Timmins** of Halifax could be Europe, Florida or Toronto. It all hinges on the right phone call. Timmins, 27, a singer/actress wants to do everything "except sling beer." (She's done that too, during career lows.) But lately her star has zoomed. She hosted a weekly musical show on CBC Halifax, played Judy Garland in a one-person cabaret, performed in *Pogie*, a musical comedy about unemployment insurance. Timmins came to Halifax in '74—she's from Hull, Que.—and has lived here off and on since then. She's had no formal musical training and, until she was 16, wouldn't let anyone hear her sing: "I was very shy." When singer Terry Dee heard her at a party, he asked if she wanted to join a rock and roll band. She'd never left home before but jumped at the chance. She had a taste of theatre with the band, liked it and, in Halifax, got a major part in *Godspell*. But, although Timmins has had lots of breaks, it hasn't been all roses. She's had to scrap a private life. And she'd hoped her TV series would generate more national exposure. "CBC was looking for an Anne Murray type," she says. She's not keen on moving to Toronto to further her career. "If Toronto is the be-all and end-all," she says, "I'd rather stay here."

Woods contractor **Ernest Norman**, his wife, Maureen, and their three children were not on the Canadian National ferry *William Carson* when it sank off the coast of Labrador three years ago this month, but a lot of their future was. After the failure of the Labrador Linerboard mill in Stephenville had nearly wiped out his business, Norman was moving back to Goose Bay. One of his kids had flu, so the

family planned to fly, but aboard the *Carson* were the timberjacks and power saws that Norman needed to keep himself and 21 employees fed. It was June 2. The Gulf of St. Lawrence was choked with spring ice, and the *Carson* never made it through. When CN announced "unexpected perils of the sea" caused the accident, disclaiming responsibility for the losses, Norman sued for \$107,000. In the case which wound up just this spring, St. John's lawyer David Sparkes argued CN should have known better than to send the ship out in such ice. If Norman wins, \$600,000 worth of other damage suits will have a better chance of winning, too. Meanwhile, Norman's family has grown to seven and they now live in Dryden, Ont., where he cuts timber for another company. "If I get the money from CN, I can get back to operating on my own again," Norman says. He won't soon forget the *Carson*. "It threw me back a long, long way."

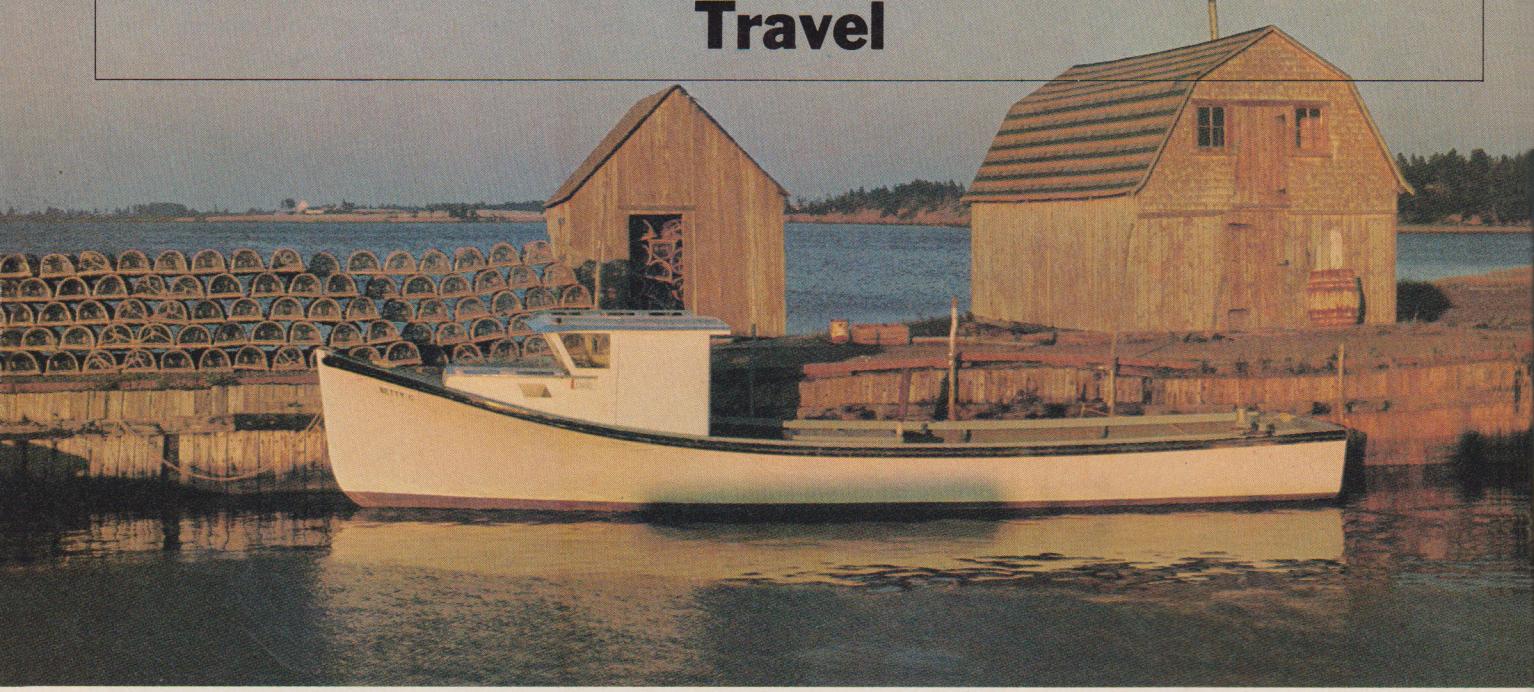
As a boy in the Marysville section of Fredericton, **Paul Hodgson** found "you could always get a crowd to go up to the ball hill and play." Hodgson, 20, has no trouble finding a game these days either: He's a promising prospect with Knoxville, the Class AA affiliate of the Toronto Blue Jays. An outfielder, Paul caught the eye of big-league scouts at 16 when he played for Fredericton at a national tournament. Pittsburgh Pirates were nibbling before he joined the Jays. "It's a good system to move up in," Paul says. "There are lots of openings. It's not like established teams like the Yankees and Reds." With the Jays' organization, he has risen steadily through the farm system, from Utica, N.Y., to Medicine Hat, Alta., to Dunedin, Fla. After Knoxville, his next stop could be Syracuse, Toronto's Triple A farm or, with a little luck and a healthy batting average, even the Jays themselves. Given his progress so far, that should happen before long.



O'Connell: A slice of Newfoundland life goes mainland

Television drama is one of the strongest vehicles we have to give people a sense of their own identity," says **Kevin O'Connell**, CBC producer in St. John's. "My goal is to get to the point where people here can switch on their sets and see themselves." *Up at Ours*, a successful slice-of-life series set in a St. John's boarding house, is giving O'Connell his chance. The program has four regulars: Mary Walsh plays the motherly proprietor; Janice Spence is a cheery, nosy neighbor; taxi-driver Kevin Noble brings in boarders from out around the bays; and Ray Guy, in his dramatic débüt, plays a laconic, cranky, permanent

boarder. Other boarders, who come and go, bring in a new story for each half-hour show. Often the camera goes outdoors, regardless of rain, storms, wind. "We're committed to showing the streets of St. John's, the outports, the roads," O'Connell says. The idea for the series came from Gordon Pinsent, but a different writer has created the show. *Up at Ours* ran six weeks last spring, another six this year. The 1981 season is in the works. CBC stations in Edmonton, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Charlottetown picked up last year's show, and the 10 shows Halifax has bought run till the end of June. ☒



Oh, Island in the sun!

What Island? Why, Prince Edward Island, of course. An award-winning Irish-Canadian author recently visited it for the first time. He had this laundry problem but, otherwise, everything was exactly as he'd hoped it would be

By Kildare Dobbs

Visitors come for the unspoiled sandy beaches that stretch for miles along the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Northumberland Strait; for a sea that in August is invitingly warm; for the almost forgotten peace of genuine rural life among fields and farms; and for seafood fresh from the ocean—lobsters, clams, salmon, mackerel. And there are other attractions: Charlottetown with its historic associations and the art and theatre of Confederation Centre; big game fishing; and, above all, the hospitable people with their quirks and oddities. Acadians, Loyalists, Micks, Macs and Micmac. All within the compass of an island so small you can drive leisurely around it in three days.

Nature here is not the savage wilderness of rocks and lakes in which romantic souls sense the presence of God because man is absent; but a gentle landscape in which the red earth has been cultivated, the green hills and valleys farmed to the use of man, a landscape wholesome and fragrant as a loaf of fresh bread.

I flew into Charlottetown, rented a car and drove north to Dalvay By the Sea, a spacious Victorian mansion converted to a vacation hotel that offers

every luxury except laundry facilities. It stands in the National Park that has saved the magnificent dunes and beaches from the commercial exploitation which has ruined comparable areas in other countries. The federal authority has installed essential facilities—camping grounds, a café and changing rooms tactfully concealed among sandhills and woods. In the Parks Canada information booth I asked what Dalvay guests were supposed to do about laundry. A laughing young woman told me, "People rich enough to stay there don't soil their clothes." Still, it bothered me to think of all those grand people putting about in dirty underwear.

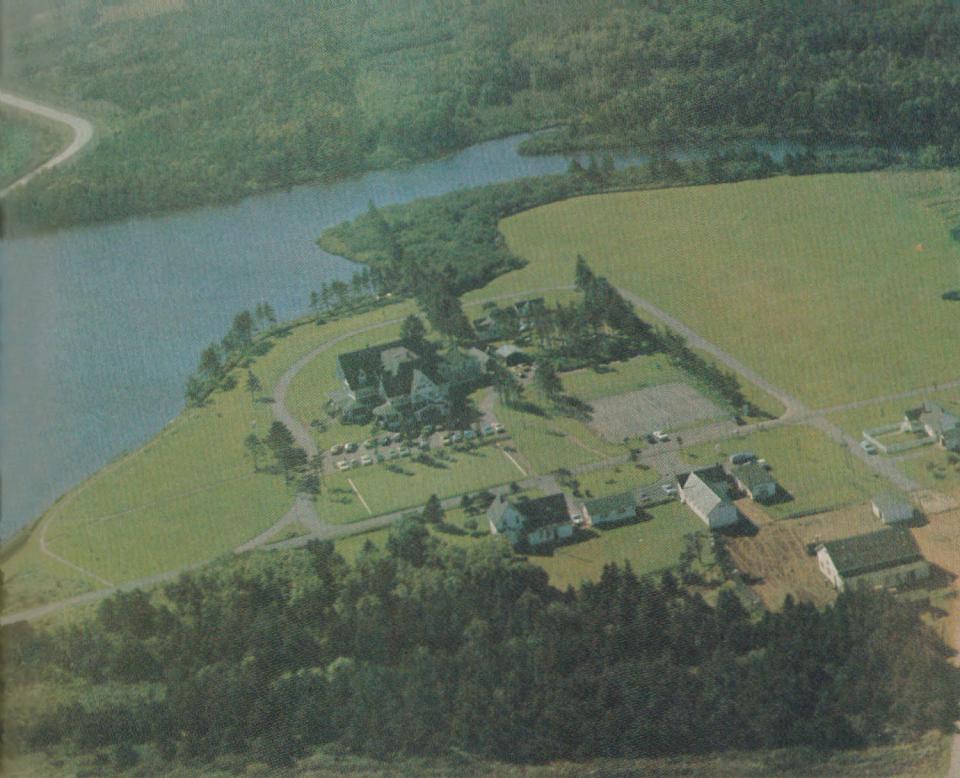
I set out to explore the Island, following, as far as possible, the trails blazed by the Tourist Department. The Kings Byway, marked by signs bearing a crown, takes one around the coast of the eastern county, Kings. The signs being infrequent, I soon got lost—and almost as soon discovered that losing the way is one of the pleasures of the Island. One becomes a pioneer, nosing along gravel roads into unsuspected fishing villages. The countryside grows larger in imagination.

It was like driving through a garden, a riot of wildflowers at the roadside,

yellow and white daisies, cow-parsley, and the bonny brier rose, fullblown now, petals beginning to fall. The land rolled like a heavy ocean swell bearing frame houses and barns along the crests, frail and trim as ships. Wind chased ripples of shadow over fields of ripening grain, the oats bright green, the wheat turning golden. Black and white Holsteins, udders swollen with milk, grazed in the rich pasture. Potatoes were in blossom, lilac and white, stretching away to the ocean between woodlots of dark pine. And around Cardigan Bay I began to come on fields of tobacco.

One is never far from the sea. Fishing boats, roomy with the pure lines of the Cape Island hull, sit high and dry in the yards of small farms beside stacks of lobster traps. A turn in the road brings ocean in view again. Many of the old shingled houses, weathered to a silvery hue, are abandoned along with their sway-backed barns. Their owners live nearby in snug new bungalows, unwilling either to wreck the old place or rent it to summer people.

I strolled in Charlottetown, the tiny capital whose 20,000 people—merchants, workers, politicians and bureaucrats—all seemed to know one another. They live in frame houses on shady streets, the lieutenant-governor in the roomiest of all overlooking the harbor. Province House, where Confederation was hatched in 1864, is a fine Palladian building of dressed stone. Next to it, the stark concrete hulk of the Confederation Centre, erected in 1964, is already crumbling away. Here I saw a gala performance of *Les Feux Follets*, a lively song-and-dance show that seemed inspired by a cabinet document about



Dobbs's headquarters: Dalvay By the Sea, in National Park

multiculturalism.

I began my trip around the Lady Slipper Drive to the west and north in Prince County at the ungodly hour of 5:30 a.m. The sun was coming up as I headed toward North Cape, and shortly after that I picked up a hitch-hiker. He was a local man, a heating engineer, and he looked as if he had made a night of it. He had worked for 10 years in Boston, he told me, but homesickness had brought him back. We stopped to watch a cock pheasant by the roadside. A little later, when I dropped my hitch-hiker, he delivered a brief valediction, pausing a while to find the right exit-line. At last he said, "And...and don't forget the pheasant."

There was a potato-blossom festival at O'Leary, but I skipped the carbohydrates and pressed on to the end of the road and the white clapboard lighthouse at North Cape. Later that day I visited the fine crafts centre in Abrams Village, an old Acadian settlement. Even without the starred tricolor flying from each house, you could pick out the French homes by their addiction to bright primary colors and lawn ornaments.

Only in Queens County along the Blue Heron Drive did I come on the kind of tourist traps I normally try to avoid. In Cavendish I visited the original house of the green gables, the setting for Lucy Maud Montgomery's famous story. Parks Canada maintains this charmingly as a literary shrine. Even the post office is housed in green gables. And in nearby Burlington, the fantasy of a retired colonel has been turned into a mint of money. Here are reduced-scale replicas of such English shrines as

York Minster and the Tower of London — complete with fake crown jewels. I surrendered happily to the delights of the inauthentic.

One of the unforgettable experiences that can be enjoyed only in Prince Edward Island is a church-basement lobster supper. Probably under the influence of advertising, I settled on St. Ann's Catholic Church in Hope River. It's bright and modern. At the basement entrance a sign warns that no credit cards are accepted. An electric cash-register operated by the woman at the door prints out your meal-ticket. Mine was for lobster and strawberry shortcake. I entered the basement. What had I expected? Maybe a modest version of the miracle of loaves and fishes, plump old biddies hurrying about with steaming platters. Nothing of the sort! This was a first-class restaurant with pretty young waitresses and a German playing a Hammond organ. The wine-list was impressive.

I ordered a carafe of Californian white and watched the good father chatting up the diners. Seconds of everything but lobster and steak were free. When I staggered out I passed a long line of tourists waiting to get in.

On Dalvay beach I was hardly aware of other tourists. I walked for miles along the hard-packed sand by the clamorous surf stopping here and there to inspect the seawrack—white Irish moss and dark kelp, the hulk of a crab, a shipwrecked lobster trap. And watched the sun, like a great red coin, dropping below the horizon. It reminded me of something.

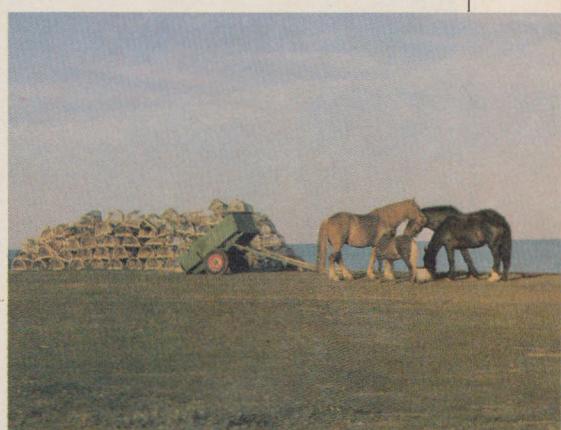
A coin-laundry, I thought. Tomorrow I would find a coin-laundry. ☐



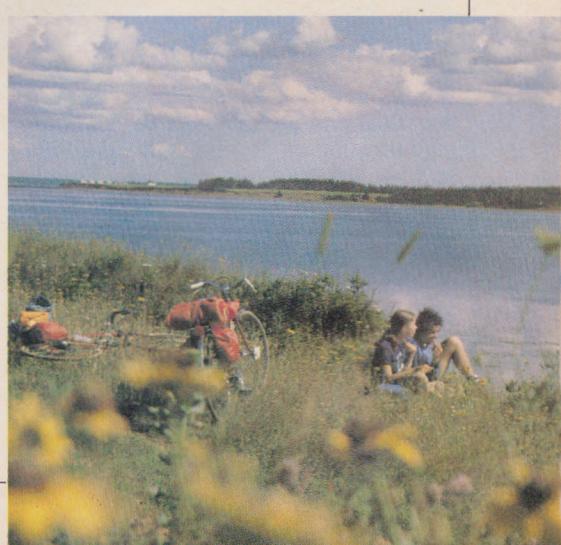
Houses are "as frail and trim as ships"



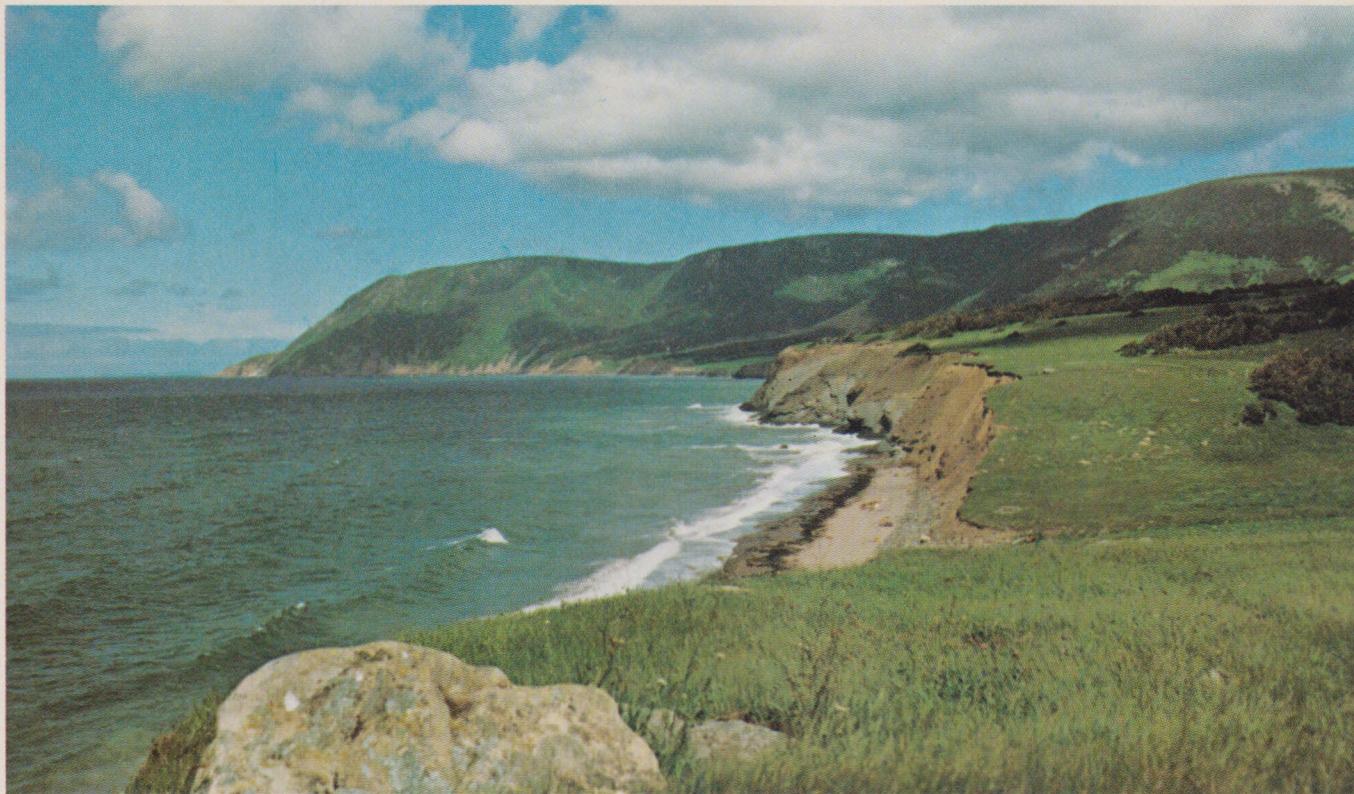
Church-basement supper: "Unforgettable"



Evening bliss, never far from sea



Small Towns



OWEN FITZGERALD

Bay St. Lawrence, N.S.

"On a fine day, the scene is so spectacular you have to remind yourself that it's not a movie backdrop. It's the real thing." Now, it's got another real and spectacular thing: Lots of money. The people waited a long time for that

By Parker Barss Donham

There are several reasons why outsiders would be well advised not to enter the first annual marathon from Meat Cove to Bay St. Lawrence next September 21, 1980. One is the Meat Cove Road itself. You and I and most of the world's population approach Bay St. Lawrence from the south. We take the Cabot Trail to its remotest corner, turn off at Cape North, and then follow the 11-mile road that winds past the iron bridge, through Sugarloaf and around Jack Buck's Turn before dropping down Bay Road Valley and into the village. But the 35 souls who live year-round in Meat Cove approach Bay St. Lawrence from the opposite direction—over what is unquestionably one of the hairiest roads in North America.

The Meat Cove Road occupies an ephemeral ledge, carved out of crumbling shale where the Highlands meet the sea. Faithfully following the prominences that jut out into the Gulf of St.

Lawrence, it also swings inland to cross streams, then switches back, up and out, through an escalating series of gut-wrenching precipices. Stop at one of these lookouts. Notice the car bodies that litter the cliff below, evidence of previous travellers who didn't make it. Nudge a stone with your toe. Listen as it rattles down the mountain face before disappearing with a distant splash into the sea.



Gahlinger: The place she'd looked for

Living near the water casts a spell

During one icy winter, a man I know went into a slide on this road, regaining control of his pickup only at the very edge of the chasm. He turned off the ignition, slid carefully across the front seat and out the passenger door. He fetched the snowplow and some men from Meat Cove to help him get back on the track. Past experience told them not to start up the motor, lest the vibration send the truck over the edge.

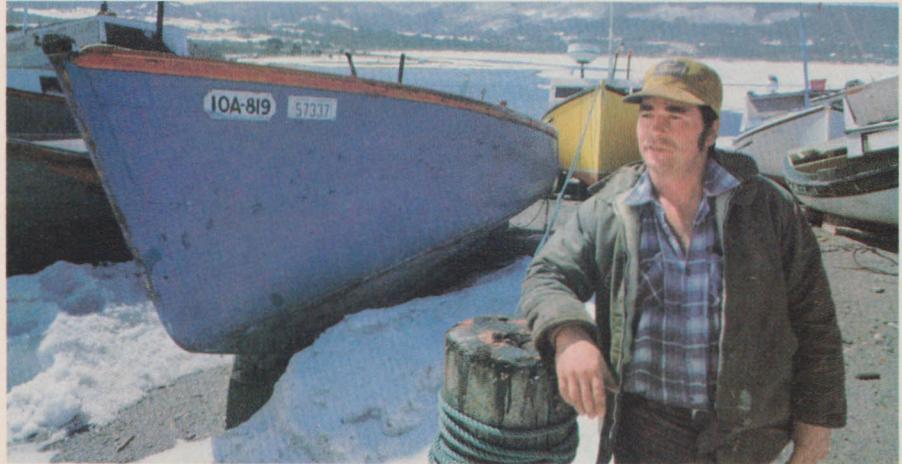
To drive the Meat Cove Road requires a rugged constitution and a glove compartment full of Gravol. To run its length in competition with the clock or your fellow man is the stuff coronaries are made of. The idea of a foot race from Meat Cove to Bay St. Lawrence with \$100 in prize money is the brainchild of Margrit Gahlinger. She dreamed it up as a way to raise funds for The Little Red Schoolhouse, an old building she is turning into the community's first library. Swiss-born, Ontario-raised Gahlinger, the daughter of a captain in the Swiss Guards, wandered into Bay St. Lawrence two years ago during a trip across Canada and stayed. "Something told me this is the place where you are going to find what you've been looking for for a long time." Last winter, Gahlinger got a \$350 grant to renovate the 80-year-old, 17-by-24 foot schoolhouse. Six weeks later the building had fresh studs, insulation, and a new floor. The town was well on its way

to having a library. Gahlinger's goal is to involve each of the area's more than 500 residents in the project, and the marathon has proved to be an inspired piece of public relations toward that end. Six months before the race, it was the talk of the town. Joggers were sprouting up faster than crocuses.

John Burton is one of the village's pre-eminent storytellers. Despite eyesight so poor it is said to approach legal blindness, Burton continues to make his living as one of the few self-sufficient farmers left in Bay St. Lawrence. But he professes not to be sure about the idea of a marathon. Not long after the race was announced, Burton spent an afternoon in the manner he likes best, entertaining visitors with yarns about life in the old days. His wife and daughter hovered in the background over a tray of freshly baked rolls. Burton cast the briefest sidelong glance in their direction and the trace of an impish grin crossed his face. "I'll tell you one thing," he said, raising his voice a trifle. "You wouldn't see nobody jogging, running up the hills for exercise in those days. They had plenty of exercise from their work. And the women! The women were all streamlined. There was no such thing as a fat woman."

Suddenly Burton's expression turned serious. "Hey," he said, "what'll we do if some slick runner from Sydney enters the marathon? We can't have someone from away winning the hundred dollars." It's a possibility that's crossed more than one mind in the Bay. Burton's grin returned. "I know what we'll do. Me and a couple of the old fellows'll hide in the bushes, and if we see anyone from Sydney in the lead, we'll throw rocks at their knees." Another reason not to enter the marathon.

Bay St. Lawrence is unincorporated, and therefore its precise boundaries are debatable. In the 130 years since the area was first settled, virtually every scrap of ground in the village has acquired its own place name. You descend Bay Road Valley to the co-op store, where the road forks left to Salmon River, Capstick, Black Point, and Meat Cove. Straight ahead lies St. Margaret's Village, named for the huge Catholic church that dominates this end of town. From here the road passes the tiny Bay St. Lawrence Credit Union and the Highland Consolidated School before skirting the eastern edge of the town's shallow harbor (known as The Pond). The cluster of houses on this side of The Pond, including the government wharf and the Little Red Schoolhouse, constitutes Bay St. Lawrence proper. A dirt road winds around The Pond's opposite shore, past Fraserville and out to The Island, a bare, grassy hummock that forms the western side of the har-



MacKinnon: The crab fishery boom "was like a gold rush"

bor mouth.

The Highlands encircle the entire town, and give way only grudgingly to a succession of smaller hills, sloping downward to The Pond. The effect is like the sides of a not-so-gentle bowl, making the village ideally suited to mutual surveillance. Virtually everyone in town commands a bird's-eye view of everyone else.

have green Fords in this town," he mused. "There's Hector, Hughie Duncan, Bootcher, Murdoch John Alec, P., David Fraser, Frankie."

Whether or not there are too many green Fords in town, the number of new cars, pickups, boats and snowmobiles is impressive. It's the most obvious sign of the amazing transformation that has overtaken the economy of Bay St.



Bay St. Lawrence on a calm day: No wonder people stayed

From the living room window of his home on The Island, Gussy Curtis can draw an unobstructed bead on the road through St. Margaret's Village and Bay St. Lawrence. One recent spring afternoon found him waiting for his father to return from a meeting of the Victoria Fishermen's Co-op in Dingwall. A green Ford pickup hove into view across The Pond. Was this the first of the men returning from the meeting? Gussy wasn't sure. "Too many people

Lawrence in recent years. Since the establishment of the 200-mile limit in 1977, the town has gone from being one of the poorest places in the Maritimes to one of the richest.

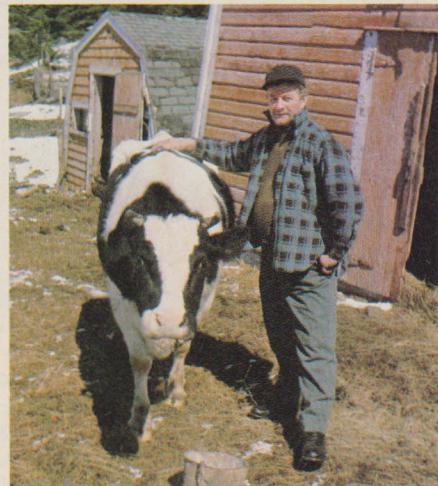
Typical of this new prosperity is Hector MacKinnon, who fishes with his father aboard the 38-foot *Lowland Queen*. In 1967, MacKinnon left Bay St. Lawrence for Ontario. Cod was selling for three cents a pound and catches were meagre. Lobsters were equally

Small Towns

scarce. "I didn't figure I'd ever make a living here," he says. MacKinnon found work as a crane operator for Stelco in Hamilton and, though he drifted back to Bay St. Lawrence from time to time, he was away for a total of 10 years.

In 1977, MacKinnon's father was one of six village fishermen to get an exploratory permit to fish snow crab, which the feds hoped to develop as a successful fishery. The results were staggering. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were landed. Hector MacKinnon (and a lot of other people) had found a way to make a living in Bay St. Lawrence.

"It was like a gold rush when it hit here," MacKinnon recalls, sitting in the kitchen of his new pre-fab on the shore



OWEN FITZGERALD

Burton: A village storyteller

of The Pond. By 1978, some of the crab vessels were grossing more than \$100,000 during crab season alone—in a village where a man had been thought lucky to catch more than \$7,000 worth of fish during the entire year. Under heavy pressure to spread the wealth, the Fisheries Department issued more crab licences and set a quota of 115,000 pounds for the 1979 season. At 30 cents per pound, that still meant a gross of \$34,500, and the typical boat could land its quota in about five weeks of not-too-strenuous fishing.

Crab made an ideal new industry; the season fell between lobster and cod fishing, at a time when boats had traditionally been idle. But crab wasn't all. With the declaration of the 200-mile limit, other fisheries boomed, too. Cod and mackerel returned in numbers that hadn't been seen for decades. Suddenly there was a market for squid, a species that had never been used for anything but bait. Some fishermen invested in Danish seiners, a highly efficient system for catching groundfish from small boats. Lobster, the old moneymaker, was getting lost in the shuffle, and some

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thought seriously about giving it up to concentrate on more lucrative catches. Every boy over 12 could find work all summer long unloading fish at the wharf, at \$4 an hour.

In 1979, Revenue Canada dampeden the joy. It set up temporary offices in several communities in northern Cape Breton, and conducted a mass audit of inshore fishermen. The results were as disastrous as the fishing was glorious. "The really together ones," says one man who knows Bay St. Lawrence well, "might have had a shoebox tucked up under a bed somewhere with a few receipts in it. But a lot of guys didn't have any receipts at all." Almost every fisherman suffered merciless cuts in his deductible expenses. (The tax men valued lobster traps at \$10, the same price Ottawa paid in compensation after a bad storm six years earlier, when materials cost a fraction of current values.) The resulting back tax bills are a matter of rumor, but a safe guess is that some exceeded \$10,000.

If nothing else, the tax blitzkrieg demonstrated the difficulties Bay St. Lawrence residents face with their newfound prosperity. "People here are in tremendous need of financial advice," Tamara Rasmussen says. She's a housewife who moved to the village from the United States 10 years ago with her schoolteacher husband. "They need accountants, people to help them, not governments to catch them."

The crab fishery has had another, more subtle effect on Bay St. Lawrence. Several of the fishermen who first obtained crab licences in 1977 were originally from Black Point, a now abandoned settlement on the Meat Cove Road. Black Point was desperately poor, and in the late Sixties, provincial welfare authorities and the county public health nurse used a combination of relocation incentives and cajolery to move people out. Most moved to Bay St. Lawrence, where their background and the circumstances surrounding their arrival created an inevitable stigma. Today, thanks to the crab fishery, some of these families rank among the most prosperous in Bay St. Lawrence. Snide comments about Black Pointers are decidedly on the decline.

Many of Bay St. Lawrence's older residents still have trouble believing the bonanza. Tom MacLean, a fisherman who also serves as patriarch of the local Liberal party organization, tells of a scene on the government wharf one summer evening. The wharf is inadequate to handle the 50 vessels that now fish out of Bay St. Lawrence, and a backlog of boats was waiting to unload. MacLean clapped his hand on the shoulder of another fisherman, "Did

you ever see Gloucester?" he asked. The two men gazed out at the long line of boats, most of them new. It was a sight undreamed of just a few years earlier. "You know," the other replied, "that's a miracle."

MacLean says the prosperity is the more amazing because the preceding years had been so grim. "The Sixties here were worse than the Thirties," he says. "In the Thirties, times weren't that awful hard as you might imagine. There was no money, but everyone had a farm and they'd take a tub of butter or a few dozen eggs to the store to trade for tea, sugar, maybe flour. They'd sell lambs for a cash crop to pay the school tax and the county tax." Barter gradually gave way to a cash economy after the war, when a lot of Bay St. Lawrence men went to work at the gypsum quarry in Cape North. But when the quarry closed in 1955, things got really tough. "They had lost their farms," MacLean says. "They had to turn to fishing, but the fishing was poor."

The remarkable thing is how many people stayed on in Bay St. Lawrence. When pressed for an explanation, people lapse into unabashed sentimentality. Joe Curtis, father of Gussy and one of the few Bay St. Lawrence fishermen who still keep a few farm animals, recalls a day in Holland toward the end of his military service. "It was a beautiful calm day and, looking out over the canals, I just thought, 'Oh it's sword fishing time.' The water was so calm I could see the fins in my imagination. Anyone who lives along the water, it casts some kind of spell on you. You can never get away from it. I'd say it's just about the best life anyone could have."

At the summit of the hill behind the Curtis house, a large wooden cross marks the site of the community's first church. The view from here encompasses the entire village and most of the coastline from Cape St. Lawrence to Money Point: On a fine day, the scene is so spectacular you have to keep reminding yourself that it's not a movie backdrop. It's the real thing.

The people of this village are isolated from the rest of the world by the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Cape Breton Highlands on the other. Living here seems to foster a sense of fending for oneself and a feeling of diffidence toward outsiders. It's this quality that accounts for John Burton's joke about kneecapping marathon runners. Potential marathoners needn't worry about physical violence. People here are much too good-natured for that. But you needn't worry about the prize money either. Margrit Gahlinger has changed the rules so that anyone can run, but only Bay St. Lawrence people can win the cash. ☐

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The Law

The Rooney trial: "Little political games"

That's a dull, old story," David Rooney says. The Newfoundland MP has telephoned from Ottawa because he's heard *Insight* plans an article on the House of Commons rules that govern MPs' office and staff allowances. In the next breath, however, he calls the rules "the sloppiest you could imagine." Maybe they are not so dull.

"The sloppiness," he continues, "leaves MPs open to all kinds of charges." Having recently spent 13 days in the prisoners' dock of the Ontario county court on charges related to his staff's money, Rooney should know. The jury acquitted him and, for that, Rooney thanks his wife and administrative assistant, Ruth (she sat outside the courtroom throughout the trial); and

the Liberal voters of Bonavista-Trinity-Conception (they re-elected him between indictment and trial). "Without them," he says, "I might be speaking to you from cell number two."

Rooney was not on trial for breaking the office allowance rules. There is nothing illegal in that. He was tried on four counts of influence peddling. Former aides and Liberal party workers Rod Moores (now Newfoundland MHA for Carbonear) and Tom Singleton (now a car salesman in Edmonton) had accused Rooney of demanding kick-backs as a condition of their employment, the money to be used for the MP's re-election campaign. Now that the case is over, Rooney is pursuing a libel charge against *The Globe and Mail* and reporter Hugh Winsor for the 1977 front-page story that prompted then Speaker James Jerome to order the RCMP to investigate the accusations. That investigation led to charges, including another count of fraud which goes to court this fall.

But during Rooney's trial, testimony from George St. Jacques, the man who oversees services provided to MPs, showed there are few controls on how MPs spend the \$18 million-plus that we give them to staff their offices both in Ottawa and their ridings. The guidelines for MPs' allowances—put in writing only in 1977—amount to a weak honor code. Abuses are referred to the Speaker, repeated abuses to a House committee.

An MP must do little more than report that he's hired so-and-so at such-and-such a salary (within stipulated limits), and the cheques begin to arrive. Anyone who has done work for the federal government has encountered the red tape that goes with it, so it's peculiar that we let MPs dispense public money with such ease. Although we expect politicians to be unfailingly scrupulous in handling the money and power we give them, it's never really been proved that the proportion of honorable men is any higher among MPs than among the general population.

Rooney did not expound much on where he thinks the rules on MPs' privileges should be tightened but the green, looseleaf binder that outlines

services and allowances to MPs gives some idea of how the elected get carried away at times. Along with explanations of the VIA passes for members and their families and the purchasing of lapel flag-pins, the document reminds MPs that the House of Commons messenger service is not to be used for "taking members' spouses, friends and visitors on tours of the city."

Rooney flatly denied the testimony of his accusers. That, plus their own criminal records—Singleton for theft and intent to defraud, Moores for making obscene phone calls—helped free him of the charges they brought against him. But Rooney did not come away spanking clean. He admitted lending his Ottawa address to Singleton in order to pay him out of his parliamentary staff budget. He said he knew that it was Moores who was doing the constituency work for which Moores's girlfriend was being paid, but not that Moores was collecting unemployment insurance at the same time. And when he hired his cousin to paint the camper trailer he used as a mobile constituency office, Rooney called him a "constituency secretary."

That's sloppy, but the jury found sloppiness no cause for conviction. Instead, it seemed to agree with Crown Prosecutor Andrej Berzins who, while summing up, said the court was dealing with "three immature politicians—Rooney, Singleton and Moores—playing little political games with each other." And maybe that's the dullest, oldest story of all.

—Amy Zierler



David and Ruth Rooney: Rules are sloppy

Feedback

Warts à la française

With the resurgence of the Acadians and while the rest of us are more or less in a self-flagellating mood, I would like to point out that there is another group of people who were cruelly and widely dispersed. I speak of the French Protestants (Huguenots). Despised by the French Catholics because they were Protestants and by everyone else because they were French, they were real losers. I mention this not with any ill-will toward the Acadians, who certainly took a beating, but because the general consensus is that the British were the only villains of that day. As any descendant of the Huguenots can confirm, the French also had a few warts.

C.H. Robart
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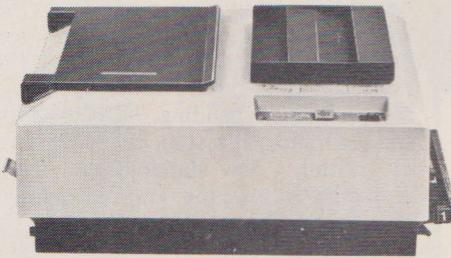
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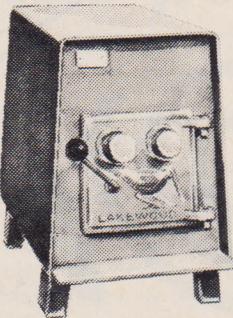
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Politics

Laws on party funding? Only in N.B. Pity

Canadian politics in British Columbia is an adventure, in the Prairies a cause, in Ontario a business, in Quebec a religion, in the Maritimes, a disease.

—Paul St. Pierre, B.C. writer,
former MP

That's probably a good summary of how most Canadians view east-coast politics. Tales of our political skulduggery have been drifting west for generations and, lately, there's been plenty more to confirm the old image. The hottest news to come out of the region this year was the revelation that the RCMP was up to its neck investigating party fundraising in Nova Scotia. Charges of kickbacks and tollgating made front pages across Canada. Only three years ago, New Brunswick found itself embroiled in the same kind of unsavory controversy.

But if Atlantic Canadians dislike the national image of their politics, the fact remains that—with one exception—our governments have been among the slowest in Canada to do anything to reform the political process. When you talk about reform you're talking about money: The hundreds of thousands of dollars that parties must have to run their offices and finance campaigns. They can raise the money, sure, but only rarely does anyone ask a crucial question: Who's paying?

In the last 10 years, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec and the feds have all updated their political financing laws to require disclosure of contributions and, in some cases, set limits on party donations. Down east, only New Brunswick has passed reform legislation that covers both fund-raising and campaign spending. Newfoundland and Labrador, it's true, is in the midst of drafting a new elections act. It will probably follow the Ontario pattern. Moreover, Prince Edward Island has set up a committee to examine election laws. Nova Scotia was one of the first provinces to set limits on election spending but, ironically, it has failed to offer anything more than rhetoric on the problem of political fund-raising.

New Brunswick's legislation, now two years old, is among the toughest in the country. Tories, Grits, and New

Democrats alike say it works well; their complaints are minor. The law turns the party fund-raiser—that faintly shady creature of folklore—into the equivalent of a heart-fund canvasser. A party's income and spending must flow through accounts which are made public. The tools of the fund-raiser's trade now include identification cards



Field: Public is less suspicious now

and receipt books. Cash donations are not allowed, only cheques and money orders, a provision that makes anonymous contributions illegal. If a party cannot trace a donor, it has to turn the money over to the government. All corporate and trade-union donations are made public, and so are individual donations over \$100. The maximum political contribution that anyone—individual, trade-union, corporation or group of associated companies—can make is \$3,000 a year (\$6,000 in election years).

"What's happened is just revolutionary," says Art Doyle of Frederic-

ton, author of two books on New Brunswick politics. "It's made the job of being a party's financial agent much more serious because he can be charged if he doesn't honestly report contributions or if he overspends. It has spelled the end of the traditional bagman, the sinister figure. Now it's the chartered accountant who's doing it."

The man who administers the law and regularly checks the parties' books is Sam Field, a Fredericton accountant who handles the job on a part-time basis. The feedback he gets from the parties is that the law has improved the climate for fund-raising. "Some of the mystery and misconceptions have been taken out," he says. "I like to think that the public are generally less suspicious about how parties are financed now than they were before this act came in."

Field runs training seminars for party officials who have suddenly been forced to keep complete records of their money. They must file the information with Field's office, and it's open to public inspection. (Party officials grumble about the drudgery of filling out forms, and there's been a high turnover among fund-raisers who dislike the paperwork.)

Federal legislation allows tax credits for political donations but New Brunswick, with an annual grant of \$1 for every vote a party received in the previous election, finances registered parties from the public purse. NDP provincial treasurer Tom Good says this has been a godsend for smaller parties. He used the NDP's annual grant of \$21,000 to open an office and hire staff.

No one in New Brunswick says, point-blank, that the law eliminates all possibility of crooked party financing, but there's a feeling the province has come a long way. In Nova Scotia, however, there's not much interest in similar legislation. The NDP has pushed for it. Premier John Buchanan says he'll allow public scrutiny of PC fund-raising if the Liberals will do the same. But there's been no talk of legislation from the government.

Party officials concede there's growing acceptance of reform legislation. After all, the parties have worked quite happily within the requirements of federal financing laws—which force disclosure of donations—during national election campaigns. (Until the federal legislation, says one party worker, there'd been a feeling that it was "not a good thing, with such a small business community, to let everyone know what everyone was giving.") If reform laws still have no champion in Nova Scotia, changes may nevertheless be inevitable. As Sam Field puts it, "I have a feeling there will eventually be similar legislation in every jurisdiction in Canada."

—Bruce Little

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Gas-station sludge could heat your home

And a lot more than that. Two Island tinkerers have come up with a burner that may yet save millions of gallons of oil

Dan Bears's house in Flat River, P.E.I., is a pain in the pocketbook to heat. It's a two-storey, five-bedroom house right in the path of winds that whistle across the fields from Northumberland Strait, and every year the furnace gobbles up 1,500 gallons of oil. But for three years Bears has been thumbing his nose at the oil man. Using a burner he designed with neighbor Ken Emery of Wood Islands, Bears heats his place with a fuel others pay to get rid of: Used motor lubrication oil. He figures he's saving more than \$1,000 a year in heating bills.

Bears, 37, a plumbing and heating man, and Emery, 44, a machinist, patented their invention this spring. They've received the blessing of the P.E.I. fire marshal and, next fall, hope to start installing their automatic burners in Island homes for about \$1,000 a crack, filling orders that date back more than a year. They say you can hook the burners up to any furnace, and then burn used oil, fuel oil, gasoline or just about any combination thereof.

What they've come up with, they think, could help solve two enormous problems: Energy costs and environmental pollution.

"It's not a cure-all for energy problems by any means," Bears says. "But if all the waste oil around here was put to use, it would be a help. Even if it supplied only, say, 5% of all heating needs."

Emery says waste oil makes an efficient fuel; it contains 20% more British Thermal Units than fuel oil. In other words, "If I was stuck out on an iceberg with a little stove, I'd last longer with a gallon of waste oil than with a gallon of fuel oil." Waste oil doesn't smell. It burns to a fine, white powder. The high ash content means you should clean furnaces fuelled by waste oil two or three times a year, but the residue is easier to deal with than the black gunk from fuel oil.

Best of all, waste oil is—at the moment, anyway—dirt cheap. In fact, it's hard to get rid of. Canadian service stations alone probably dispose of 25

million gallons a year. Conscientious service-station operators collect it in holding tanks and pay to have it hauled away. Others run it out the back door when nobody's looking. In a study for the feds two years ago, biologist Ian MacQuarrie of the University of P.E.I. calculated that 2.92 million litres of motor oil are brought into P.E.I. every year. About half of that ends up as waste oil. Some of it is sprayed on roads to keep the dust down. Some is refined. Most is dumped, some-

times trickling into sewers and water systems. Environmentalists are especially worried about the amount of oil being disposed of by car owners who buy motor oil in retail stores for do-it-yourself oil changes.

MacQuarrie has a reservation or two about burning used oil. One is that the stuff collected from service stations may be contaminated with "everything from antifreeze to dog crap—whatever happens to go on the floor."

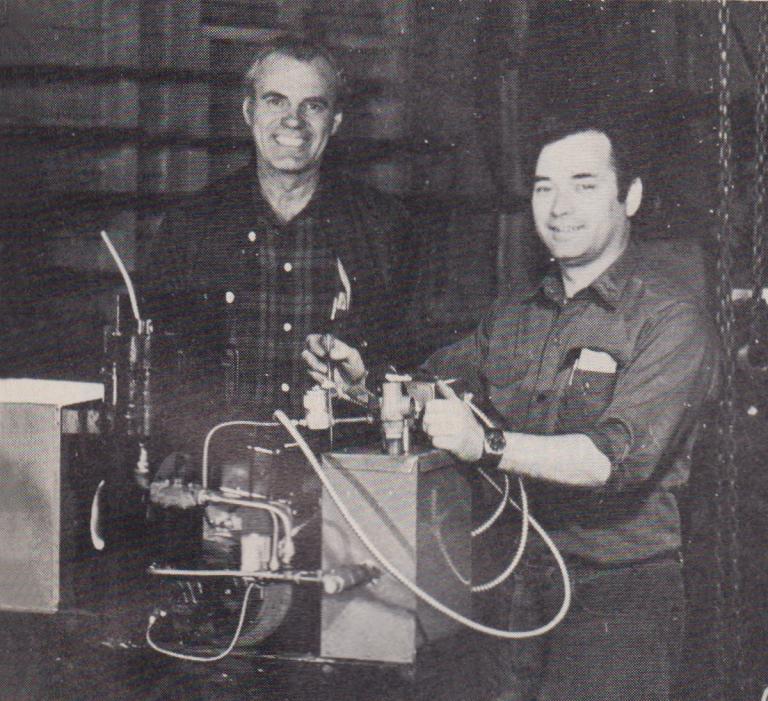
No problem, says Bears. For his own heating needs, he cleans the used oil collected from service stations by leaving it in a settling tank for at least two weeks. When the clean oil rises to the top, he stores it in a 5,000-gallon tank. In his home furnace, he's burning a mixture of waste oil and jet fuel. You can use pure waste oil, he says, but he recommends cutting it with about 10% fuel oil or other fuel. Otherwise, there's a slight smoke problem.

Emery has a reputation for being an inventive whiz with machinery. He started to burn waste oil 15 years ago to heat his machine shop on the family farm. Four years ago, Bears started hanging around the shop. After a back operation, he'd given up his plumbing and heating business. Using Emery's shop stove as a primitive prototype, the two men experimented and modified until they came up with the burner they wanted.

The Island's Enersave office recognized their innovative work last year with an energy conservation award. And in September, Enersave bought a burner for the Department of Highways garage in Charlottetown. A government garage in Summerside is testing another unit. The Enersave people are enthusiastic. "It makes ideal sense to use waste oil in places like garages and airports," conservation co-ordinator Laura Main says. "If there's an automatic collection tank as part of the heating system, they can get their heat completely free."

The catch is that there isn't enough used oil for everybody. But millions of gallons are collected every year from cars, trucks, planes, trains, ships, machinery. Bears and Emery figure there's a huge potential market out there, especially in industrial, car-clogged Upper Canada. Will all this make them rich and famous? "Heck, we're just two little guys at the bottom of a very, very long ladder," Emery drawls. For now, he's happy enough to be able to heat his two-storey, two-family farmhouse for next to nothing. "Even if nothing comes of this," he observes, "Danny and I will be two poor but warm old men."

—Marian Bruce

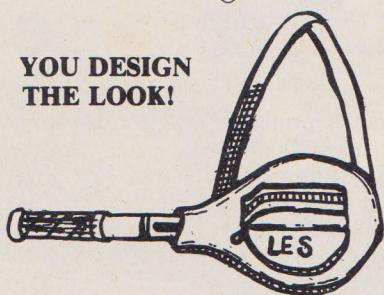


Emery, Bears: "Little guys" with a big idea

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Environment

Power company meets maples. Trees lose

And so did Eldon Wright. His family had been nurturing the trees for a mere half-century. Sorry, Eldon

Eldon Wright checks the wall calendar in his yellow kitchen, notes that his electric power bill payment isn't due for another day, goes back to leafing through his thick file on Maritime Electric Co. Ltd. "I always like to wait until the very last day before paying the sons of guns," he observes. As gestures of defiance go, paying bills on deadline doesn't quite rank with mailbox bombs. It just lets you know that Eldon Wright, potato farmer, is not yet through with the company that supplies Islanders with electric power. Never mind that he has lost a three-year fight, in and out of the courts, to save his 12-acre stand of maple sugar trees from the power company's chainsaws. Or that even the provincial government said it can't do much to help him.

"I'm not discouraged," Wright says, "because I'm going to keep on fighting. When I stop fighting, there'll be six men carrying me feet-first."

Eldon Wright is a rosy-cheeked, white-haired man with a passion for Wesleyan hymns, a distaste for strong language and a great attachment to the lovely hills of Kinkora, P.E.I. His family has lived there since 1835. Eldon, who married a girl from just up the road, has spent all of his 56 years on this 200-acre piece of land: He and Joan Wright raised four kids here and went into the business of raising seed potatoes and grain. About 50 years ago, Eldon's father began to nurture the maple sugar trees on the south end of the farm. The grove developed into one of the few good stands of maple sugar trees on the Island. Eldon says his brother Arthur planned to start tapping the trees when he retired.

But last March 20, just after sunrise, Maritime Electric crews mowed down a 90-foot-wide swath—2.3 acres—of Wright's grove to allow construction of a transmission line. Wright says the chainsaws cut "right smack through the best part" of the grove. The company says it plans to cut another 2.3 acres for a second line in about five years' time. Wright says this means that sunburn and windburn will gradually destroy the rest of the grove—a probability that the P.E.I. Supreme Court has recognized. In granting Maritime Electric permission to expropriate



Eldon Wright: Who runs the Island?

Wright's land, the court awarded him \$5,472 in damages for all 12 acres.

Wright still hopes, half-believes, that Premier Angus MacLean will save the second half of the expropriated woodland: "Is Angus and the government running P.E.I. or not? Is he making the decisions, or is the Public Utilities Commission making the decisions?" Wright hasn't even calculated what his fight with Maritime Electric has already cost him: "It wasn't a dollars-and-cents issue from the start. We wanted that maple sugar bush retained. It's been in our family since this was Crown land. It's part of our heritage." The larger issue, he says, is that it's possible for private interests to take over a man's land and do what they want with it. "For a private company to be able to run over the people of P.E.I.—that's a very serious thing."

Bill MacDougall, the Conservative MLA for Wright's riding, says: "A lot of people are concerned that the Public Utilities Commission and Maritime Electric have just too much power. This particular issue has portrayed it quite graphically for the people of P.E.I."

For a while this spring, the sugarbush issue was one of the hottest topics on the Island. In a province where people pay the highest electricity bills in the country, Maritime Electric isn't exactly beloved to begin with ("Is alcoholism a beloved disease?" one MLA asks a reporter rhetorically). One citizen, in a letter to a newspaper, suggested Wright's supporters stop the

saws by forming a human chain around his trees. Opposition MLAs demanded the government intervene but government members said the time for intervention had been while the Liberals were still in power, before Maritime Electric's expropriation bid went before the courts. On March 19, however, Premier MacLean indicated he'd ask Maritime Electric to delay cutting for 30 days. The next day, before MacLean had time to make his request, the trees were gone.

John Reynolds, general manager of Maritime Electric, says his company did the right thing. The courts had given the company the right to expropriate; the MacLean government had said it wouldn't stop the cutting by retroactive legislation; and a 30-day delay would have added \$75,000 to \$100,000 to the total cost of the \$4.5-million transmission line project, "without accomplishing one single thing."

Liberal agriculture critic Eddie Clark calls Maritime Electric's action "an insult to the House, an insult to the premier." Premier MacLean concedes he was "somewhat exasperated." But he's satisfied that "this sort of thing can't happen again." Two weeks after Wright's trees were cut, the MacLean government introduced legislation that's supposed to put a leash on Island utility companies.

When they ask the Public Utilities Commission for permission to expand, they'll have to explain how the proposed project would affect existing land use and the natural environment, which farmland would be lost, and where the poles, lines and other structures are to go. The cabinet will get a copy of this "environmental impact" statement, and can then delay the project and hold public hearings. This means, MacLean says, that governments "will be aware of the environmental impact of a line from the very beginning, so that alternative routes can be picked, if necessary."

MacLean hopes that Maritime Electric will decide by 1985 that it really doesn't need the second 90-foot corridor on Eldon Wright's land. But the new legislation won't help Wright. Maritime Electric already has the right to expropriate. And, as Bill MacDougall observes, no government can legislate the maple sugar trees cut on March 20 Scotch-taped back together again.

—Marian Bruce

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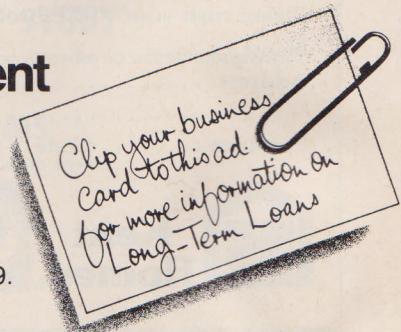
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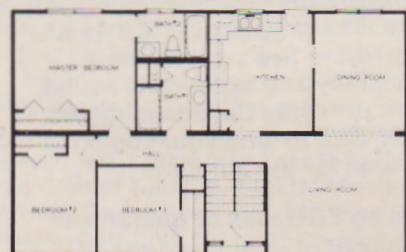
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Resources

They eat horses, don't they?

Maybe, maybe not. But hundreds of distinctive Newfoundland ponies have recently ended up in Quebec—probably as horsemeat

Every few weeks William Gorber, Windsor, N.S., ships a truckload of cattle to a livestock auction in Manuels, about 20 miles from St. John's. Sometimes, in good weather, he'll take back a load of Newfoundland ponies to sell to a slaughterhouse in Quebec. "I pay the truck both ways," says Gorber. "If I can make a few dollars with an otherwise empty truck, sure I do." Gorber is not alone. A rise in horsemeat prices last summer attracted more than the usual, modest number of buyers to Newfoundland. They in turn attracted protest from people upset about the methods of the trade, the destruction of healthy animals and the possible threat to a distinct but unrecognized breed of horse. "The meat men," as their opponents call the traders, are back again this year.

"We're losing part of our heritage," Gary Barnes says. He's the owner of the Newfoundland Saddlery and Leather Company. The small, stocky Newfoundland ponies, descended from breeds brought to the island from southern England in the late 1600s, came to be favorite workhorses because of their hardy nature and good temperament. Until tractors, snowmobiles and trucked-in produce took over, ponies

were an essential part of rural Newfoundland life. They hauled wood in the winter, plowed the garden, hauled capelin to fertilize it. Some horses continue to work, but many people who've kept their ponies for sentimental reasons now find them expensive to look after. Since some communities no longer want them to graze freely in the summer, horse owners must buy hay or rent pasture. An offer to sell—at prices reportedly from \$25 to \$250 per pony—can therefore look attractive.

But Barnes feels demand for work animals is growing again. He makes harnesses for horses all around Newfoundland and, based on his mailing list, figures there were 5,000 ponies on the island "up until last year." Four thousand of those appear to be workhorses. But estimates of last summer's exports go as high as 1,200 and that, Barnes says, amounts to "a tremendous loss."

If the numbers seem vague, they are. Nobody knows for sure what's happening to the ponies. It's years since horses were part of government's agricultural census, and while Newfoundland requires permits for all animals entering the province (for disease control), there are no checks on outgoing livestock. The federal veterinarian in St.



Horse-owner Dunn: For older ponies, slaughter is probably humane

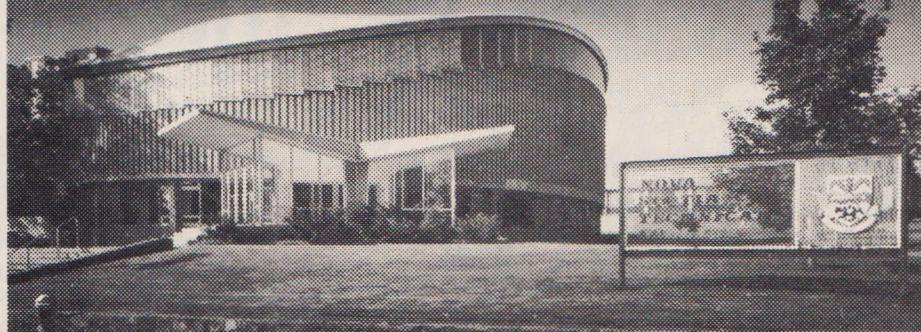
John's, Dr. Benson Riehl, says the law covering transport of animals has a loophole: "My problem is that the shipper doesn't have to notify me. He has to keep a record, but I have to go ask for it." Another section of the Agriculture Department—the plant quarantine people who wash vehicles at the Port aux Basques ferry terminal against the Newfoundland potato blight—agreed to spotcheck cargoes last summer. They turned up only a few dozen horses leaving the province. Gorber's man in Conception Bay, Frank Whalen, says the Nova Scotia dealer picked up "roughly 670 or 680" ponies. Gorber himself says he bought perhaps a few hundred, but "I don't know, to be honest." Nobody knows.

Then there's the question of which ponies are leaving and how they're handled during transport. "They say they're taking only junk horses, but we know the difference," Barnes says. Rumors of maltreatment brought some 300 people to the rented pasture in Mackinnon's, Conception Bay, where Gorber was loading horses in September. "For the older ones, slaughter is probably the most humane thing," says Dave Dunn, a horse owner whose six acres abut the rented pasture. "But we saw young and old being thrown in together." That's prohibited by the Animal Disease and Protection Act. Complaints about overcrowding, improper loading ramps, insufficient hay and water on the trucks led the federal vet to monitor "five or six" loads headed for Nova Scotia. "They arrived in good shape, so we assume they left in good shape," says Riehl. Besides, he says, "we think only a small portion are going for slaughter. We hear others are being sold for riding ponies or for auction." Gorber, on the other hand, says most of the horses he gets from Newfoundland go to the abattoir, "but I'm not fussy where I'm selling." In any case, a memo from Riehl to the federal inspectors at the Arnold Abattoir in Grenville, Que., has brought back no complaints about sick or dead horses from the Maritimes.

"We'd like to see a moratorium on the export of ponies for a while," suggests Barnes, "to give us time to plan for the future." Newfoundland Equestrian Association president Lucy Spain is trying to get the pony certified as a breed, in hopes the recognition will drive up the ponies' value. Meanwhile, last year's uproar over the trade should affect this year's business. "People feel strongly about their horses," Dunn says. Gorber's trucks won't likely go back empty, but, says Dunn, "as people become aware of the situation, they may be more reluctant to sell."

—Amy Zierler

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Profile

The feds fired him—for speaking out

All Garth Brewer did was write letters to newspapers, but it cost him his livelihood

Civil servants have often been made into eunuchs to prevent their usurping the rulers' prerogatives. Garth Brewer, 42, who lives on a 150-acre farm near Woodstock with his wife, Dolly, and three sons, has been a federal government customs and excise employee for seven years—and retains his virility. But twice now Brewer has been caught fooling around in the seraglio of democratic ideals. Both times, the mandarins have come after him with knives. Your manhood or your job, they've said in effect. Currently all Brewer has is his manhood.

Brewer was first fired in the fall of 1978 when he ran for the NDP in a provincial election. He appealed, and the sentence was reduced to a one-year suspension. Back on the job last November, he wrote some letters to the *Bugle*, a local weekly—two during the federal election campaign—and was fired again last March 13.

To the untrained eye, the letters were no big deal: Two little notes in support of Petro-Canada published on Oct. 31 (before he was back on the job) and Jan. 9; and, on Jan. 23, an "open letter" to Fred McCain, perennial Tory MP for "Fish 'n' Chips," the far-flung Carleton-Charlotte riding. An edited version of this letter also appeared in the Jan. 30 Saint John *Telegraph-Journal*. Brewer criticized McCain for suggesting, "Canadians are overprotected as consumers." In all three letters, Brewer wrote "New Democratic Party" under his signature.

R.L. King of Halifax, manager of the 640-strong Atlantic customs and excise region, says Brewer was sacked for violating Section 32 of the Public Service Employment Act, which restricts political activities among civil servants. Brewer transgressed in the manner in which he signed his name and in aiming one letter at a "certain individual."

The Brewers are not wealthy folk and Garth says if he had known he'd be fired for writing the letters, he wouldn't have done it. The family keeps a few head of cattle and honey bees, and keeps a large garden. Dolly teaches kindergarten down at Richmond Corner, but even though son Peter, 22, worked as a customs officer at Houlton station (with his dad) to help pay for his final year at Mount Allison University, 1979 was not an easy year.

"I've become a very thrifty shopper," Dolly says. The first firing cost Garth between \$19,000 and \$23,000 in wages. (He normally declines overtime because of his duties as president of the N.B.-P.E.I. Customs and Excise Union branch.) Another government department, the Unemployment Insurance Commission, made up some of his losses last

year, but getting paid to do nothing is not the way Brewer feels a two-term school-board member should go.

Brewer: "I looked for jobs. I worked some for a local farmer. You know what the job market's like in Woodstock? I went to Manpower. The last time, the guy who interviewed me was a kid they hired on the 11th of the month and he was only going to work until the end of the month....If you look at the situation around here, the only people who are well employed work for the government, federal and provincial."

Brewer was born at Bath and after graduating from Southern Victoria Regional High School in Andover where he played varsity basketball, he completed the old one-year Teachers' College course and then taught for a year. He worked in uranium mines in Elliot Lake, Ont., and then settled in Hamilton, Ont., where he became a steelworker, a union officer and NDP member, in that order.

He says he chose the NDP after meeting Liberal MP John Munro, on union business, and PC MP Lincoln Alexander, a neighbor. "I went up and looked at his [Munro's] office and [later] I went up and looked at Alexander's office. I didn't like the look of either. I saw the same people in both campaign headquarters...young lawyers with \$300 three-piece suits. They didn't just look the same. They were the same people."

The Brewers returned home. He sought a job as a clerk with customs in '73. "At the time I applied I was making 60 bucks a week working for Canadian Tire. I think the job paid \$150 a week." He saw students working in the better-paying

uniformed jobs, complained, and became a temporary customs officer. "I questioned whether I, in fact, being a permanent employee should have the job temporarily. That didn't happen the first time. The second summer rolled around [and] I got experience in it and later a job opened up."

When the provincial election was called in September, 1978, he became the NDP's voice in Carleton South, one of many wildernesses for the party in New Brunswick. "If I didn't run," he says, "no one else would have." His application to the Public Service Commission for permission to run wasn't acted upon until the last minute. The answer was no but, by then, "I felt I was committed." The day after he lost, he was fired. Meanwhile in Shaunavon, Sask., Dwain Lingenfelter, another customs officer, had applied to run for the NDP in his 1978 provincial election. He was given permission (and won). It was this inconsistency that apparently helped soften Brewer's dismissal into a suspension.

Now he must go through the tortuous grievance and adjudication procedure again. It's unusual, to say the least, for a civil servant to be fired merely for expressing opinions to a newspaper and Brewer won't walk away from his job quietly: "There's a central question to the issue beyond the one of, 'If you work, can you be politically active?' The question is: 'If you're politically active, do you have the right to work?'"

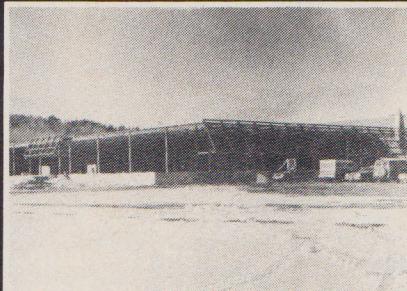
—Jon Everett



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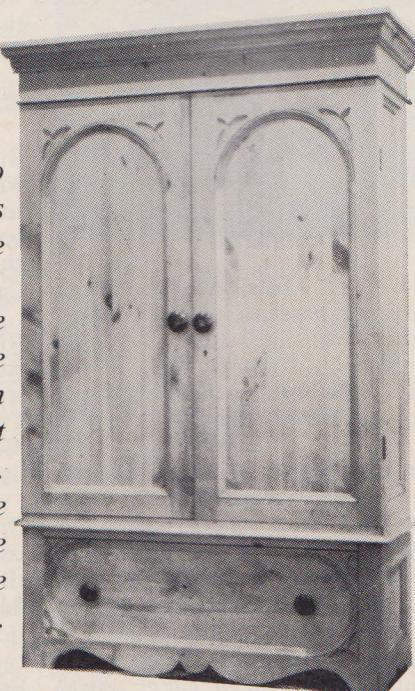
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Vacations

You, too, can be a fitness freak

And learn skills you'll never lose. Here's a guide to muscle-tightening holidays for kids and adults alike

Feeling flabby or fatigued? Today's fitness experts say that what you need is exercise, plenty of it. Summer in Atlantic Canada offers boundless opportunities. All through the region, municipalities, universities and private operators offer sports vacations: Canoeing, backpacking, horseback riding, and much more. Kids can join in, too. Here's a sampling of what's available:

NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR
CAHPER—Canadian Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, June 29 to July 2, Memorial University, hosts sports and recreation programs for kids and adults. Lots of activities, day camp, day care. Fees from \$60 to \$75 cover seminars, sports, entertainment. Accommodation and meals extra. Write to Pam Babstock, Box 1671, Station C, St. John's, A1C 5P5.

Sports Camps—Throughout July and August, Sir Wilfred Grenfell Regional College, Corner Brook, has camps in



Boating, wilderness camps are great—but shape up first

basketball, gymnastics and synchronized swimming for boys and girls. Costs \$75, including tuition, room and board. Application deadline, June 2. Write Activity Camps, Sir Wilfred Grenfell College, Corner Brook, A2H 6P9.

Skating School—Corner Brook. Mid-July to mid-August, for all ages, levels of skill. Average tuition \$150. Two-week stay recommended. Write Silver Blades Skating Club, Box 1062, Corner Brook, Nfld.

NOVA SCOTIA

Youth Horsemanship Camp—Run by Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro, June 14-18. Tuition \$50, room

and board on campus, \$40. Extra charge to feed and stable your own horse. Write the college for details.

Canoeing—Trips run through June for kids and adults. Better be in shape. Participants canoe Mersey and Medway rivers, travel wilderness routes. Bring warm clothing and camping supplies. Costs \$180, including meals and gear. Write Canadian Hostelling Association, Halifax. Special courses for experienced adult canoeists in July. Costs \$85 per person for about a week. Write Dave Horne, Canoe Nova Scotia, Halifax.

Backpacking School '80—Basic techniques for those over 17. Runs from Aug. 8-15 at Wentworth Hostel, Wentworth Valley, \$85 per person, \$200 for non-residents of Nova Scotia. Includes food, accommodation, equipment. Write Dave Horne, Canadian Hostelling Association, Box 3010 South, Halifax B3J 3G6.

Rockclimbing School '80—Covers basics on safety, equipment and rock-handling on climbing sites in N.S., for

course, 18 years and over, live on board. Write Mike Whitehouse, Box 84, Lower Sackville, B4C 2S8.

Wilderness Survival—Series of one-week camps run by Interlake Wilderness School in Kings Co. Canoe paddling, trip planning, map and compass work, safety and survival. Ages 14 and over, should be reasonably fit. June 16 to Sept. 21. Costs \$210 per person, including food, equipment, instruction. Write David Threlford, General Delivery, Port Williams, Kings Co.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Sailing Excursions—For beginners and experienced sailors. Seven-day cruise to Magdalen Islands from June 1. Charter rate for four persons, \$1200, includes meals and accommodation on board. Two holiday packages of sailing and land jaunts around the island. Seven-day sailing school, \$550 per person, includes meals and accommodation. Contact Larry Peck, Victoria Harbour, COA 2GO.

Horse Masters Courses—Holland College, Charlottetown. Ages seven and up, one-week long, running June 30 to Aug. 22. Tuition, \$60 per week, horse and tack provided; \$70 for students with horses, feed and bedding provided. Costs \$50 for six lessons, \$35 for four. Accommodation at college, \$100 per week, rooms big enough for family of three. Write Holland College, Woodmere Stables, Marshfield.

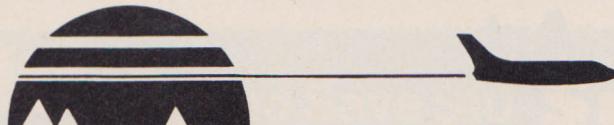
NEW BRUNSWICK

Sports Camps—University of New Brunswick, Fredericton. Basketball and volleyball camps for boys and girls, 12 to 18, in August. Tuition, room and board, \$120 per week, \$60 for day students. Write UNB Summer Sports Camp, Box 4400, Fredericton.

Hockey School—UNB, Fredericton. Runs five weeks, June 29 to Aug. 1, students must register for at least a week. Boys and girls, seven to 17. Tuition, room and board, \$160, \$85 for day students. Write UNB Hockey School, Fredericton.

Athletic Camps—Mount Allison University, Sackville. Synchronized and competitive swimming, basketball, wrestling, soccer, football. Application deadline June 30, limited enrolment. Tuition \$45 per week, accommodation on campus, \$70. Write Department of Continuing Education, Mt. A.

—Roma Senn



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Who's Ted Pulford? He's "an unsung hero," that's who

Ted Pulford will be the first to admit he's hardly a household name. Though countless Canadian artists—including such luminaries as Chris and Mary Pratt, Tom Forrestall, and Roger Savage—owe a measure of their current fame to Pulford's meticulous dedication to the basics of drawing and painting, and though his own paintings have long been prized by discerning private collectors and important public institutions, he remains, in the words of former student and friend Chris Pratt, "one of the great unsung heroes" of Atlantic Canadian art.

That may soon change. To mark his retirement after 30 years of teaching art at Mount Allison, university officials have arranged a retrospective exhibition of the paintings he did in his off-hours during all those years. The exhibition, which will be on display at the university's Owens Gallery until the end of June, is also scheduled to tour the Maritimes this summer and fall. (At press time, bookings were firm for St. Andrews, N.B., in July and Moncton in August. The show is expected to be in Halifax in the fall.)

After years of teaching and painting in the shadow of such famous col-

leagues as Alex Colville and Lawren Harris, Pulford is delighted at the sudden interest in what he calls his "humble tributes to Nature." He's also excited that, at the age of 65, he'll finally be able to devote his full attention to his own art.

But for all that, Pulford insists he has no regrets about what he jokingly refers to as his "low profile" in the art world, or the fact that the time he spent teaching students how to draw and paint was time stolen from his own work as a painter. "For me," he says simply, "teaching was also a creative activity. And I shared vicariously in the success of my students. I enjoyed being able to look back at the end of a term and see just how much some of them had developed."

Pulford came to teaching, as he came to painting, more by circumstance than design. Born in Saskatoon in 1914, he dropped out of high school during the Depression because, as he puts it, "I saw a lot of people with degrees selling Maclean's subscriptions door-to-door." He worked at odd jobs himself and filled his spare time by taking a night course in painting at the local technical school. "I enjoyed it very much but I

thought of it as just a pastime. I never dreamed that a person could actually make a living out of painting."

In 1944, after wartime service overseas with both the Royal Air Force and the Royal Canadian Air Force in Europe, North Africa and Ceylon, Pulford was back in Canada teaching at a west-coast gunnery school and trying to figure out what he should do for a career when the war ended. Though he had an offer to go home to Saskatoon to a job in an insurance company, "after being in the war, I just couldn't see spending the rest of my life behind a desk."

With some encouragement from a military career counsellor, Pulford decided to indulge his interest in art instead. In 1945, he came to Mount A.—the only institution in the country then offering a degree in fine arts—and never left. After graduation in 1949, he was hired as a teacher. "I was always low man on the totem pole [beneath Colville and Harris] so I taught all the basic first-year courses," he remembers. "I didn't mind. The first-year students were always so fresh and eager and, if you could sell them that an idea was of value, they'd accept what you taught them."

"Ted's a first-rate teacher," Chris Pratt says. "When people talk about Mount A., they always talk about Colville or Harris. Who ever heard of Ted Pulford? But he was the one who did all the nitty-gritty work of teaching technique—the unpopular stuff—to students. And he did it extremely well."

Whenever he could squeeze time out of a heavy academic load ("It's a pathetic fallacy," Pulford says, "that teaching leaves you plenty of time for your own work") he wandered around the Maritimes painting whatever struck his fancy. "I'm really just a landscape painter," he explains. "I have no great professional philosophy, I still paint for personal pleasure. The paintings really are works of love."

Now, finally, he will have plenty of time to indulge that love. "I'm looking forward to it," he says happily. "I'm going to have a real ball."

—Stephen Kimber



Always in shadow of Colville and Harris, Pulford has no regrets

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Food

Great Greek cooking

At Old Man Morias in Halifax. It wows even cautious diners. But easy on the oil and garlic, please

When Vasilios and Penagiota Migas decided to open the kind of Greek restaurant they wanted in Halifax, their friends thought they were crazy: Greek food and Halifax diners wouldn't mix. Migas knew they would, if mixed gently. He and his wife, assistant, host and baker at Old Man Morias restaurant, adapted their dishes to local tastes that ranged anywhere from adventurous to conservative. Now, even the meat-and-potatoes crowd rave about specialties like *mousaka* (layers of eggplant, zucchini and spiced ground meat in white sauce), *al fresco* lamb in lemon sauce or shrimp in feta cheese and tomato sauce.

Diners who'd sampled Greek cuisine at the Migases' old downtown Halifax café had faith from the start. The family ran the place for 12 years, offering only one Greek special daily, but the lunch crowd lapped it up. With their son Ted prodding them, the

Migases bought an old house in 1976. Ted spent a year converting it into the restaurant. (The original Old Man Morias was Theodore Kolokotronis, a leading figure of the Greek War of Independence, born near the Migases' birthplace at Papari, a tiny village in the Peloponnesus.)

At first Vasilios used spices like garlic and olive oil liberally. "In Greece, people like more oil and spice," he says. He asked guests for their reactions, then "adapted to meet the consensus." But he's thrilled when guests ask for dishes the traditional Greek way. He's won diners over to lamb with lemon instead of the usual mint jelly. But on other points they hang tough. He'll never understand why Canadians dislike the fat and bones that lend meat such fine flavor.

Penagiota started baking bread at 10 in her mother and grandmother's kitchen. If the loaves failed inspection,

she remembers, her grandmother slapped her. No such problem at Old Man Morias. She bakes 14 mouthwatering loaves a day as well as all the pastry for the restaurant's sinfully luscious desserts. *Baklava* is the toughest: About 50 layers of flaky pastry in almonds and honey, each layer individually buttered.

Vasilios started as an assistant to the cook on a local police force in Greece. Then he opened his own *taverna*, preparing all the meals himself. "Women cooked in the house, men mostly cooked for business," he says. In 1959 he and his family came to Canada with no doubts about what he'd do for a living: "My job was to cook. It's what I do best."

Vasilios still insists on cooking all the meals himself, carefully selecting the ingredients, from produce to fresh young Nova Scotian lamb. His son says he has too much pride to hand over the responsibility. Occasionally a guest complains about waiting but Vasilios says, "I cannot prepare fast." Besides, Penagiota adds, "All good things take time."

Garides Al Greco

1½ lb. jumbo shrimp
juice of 1 lemon
½ cup olive oil
1 clove garlic, finely chopped





PHOTOS BY JACK CUCANO

1 tbsp. butter
2 oz. retsina (Greek white wine)
1/4 lb. feta cheese

Clean and split shrimp. Place on plate, sprinkle with lemon juice and let sit for 5 minutes. Dip in flour and sauté for 5 minutes, browning evenly. Pour out oil, add butter and garlic, sauté with shrimp for about 30 seconds, then add retsina. Add the sauce (recipe follows) and feta cheese, crumbled in tiny pieces. Cook mixture 3 minutes. Serve with rice. Serves 4.

Sauce

1/2 cup olive oil
1/2 cup chopped onions
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 cup retsina
19 oz. can whole tomatoes
1/4 cup freshly chopped parsley
salt and pepper to taste
1 bay leaf
1/4 cinnamon stick

Heat oil to boiling, add onions and garlic, sauté. Add wine, tomatoes, parsley, salt, pepper, bay leaf, cinnamon stick. Cook 15 minutes over medium heat.

Sutzukaky

2 lb. lean ground beef
6 slices bread, crusts removed
1 cup chopped onions
1/2 cup freshly chopped parsley
2 tsp. crushed garlic
salt and pepper to taste
1 tbsp. olive oil
1/2 tsp. oregano

1/2 tsp. ground cumin seed
2 eggs
1/4 cup each olive oil/butter
19 oz. can whole tomatoes
2 oz. retsina

Soak bread in water, squeeze out by hand and add to ground beef in large bowl. Mix next 8 ingredients and add to beef. Take about 2 oz. of mixture and form into oval shapes in palm of hand. Coat patties in flour and sauté in oil/butter in frying pan until evenly browned. Remove patties carefully and layer in large pot. Mash tomatoes and cook in frying pan in remaining oil/butter, and retsina. Cook 5 minutes but do not boil. Spread over meat, adding a sprinkling of cinnamon. Add enough boiling water to barely cover and cook over low heat for 15 minutes. Serve with rice. Serves 4.

Lamb Morias

2 lb. fresh leg of lamb
1/4 cup each olive oil/butter
1/2 cup chopped onions
3 oz. retsina
19 oz. can whole tomatoes
salt and pepper to taste

Cut lamb into 4 pieces. Sauté in oil/butter, browning evenly, and place in small pot. Brown onions in remaining oil/butter, add wine, tomatoes, salt, pepper and cook for 5 minutes. Pour over meat in pot, add enough boiling water to barely cover and cook for 30 minutes over low heat. Serve with rice. Serves 4.



The resurrection of a gorgeous tradition

It's hooking mats, and 20 women in Placentia Bay are making them and selling them as far away as Vancouver

I was seven years old when I hooked my first mat. We were living in Brookside then. My mother was at it all the time and when she would lay it down, I would take up her hooker and try it myself. She was afraid I would spoil her mat so she'd drive me out. But one time she said to me "Do you want to learn how to hook a mat?" She cut a round piece of brin, only a small piece, and set it in an old barrel hoop. "Now you go up and sit by the stovepipe where you can keep warm," she told me. I was so delighted to get my own mat. I used to go up there every chance I had, and when I had it all filled in, then I knew I could hook a mat.

—Carolyn Rodway

Canvas, plastic flooring, then carpet have long since replaced the colorful, functional mats Carolyn ("Carrie") Rodway made as a girl on the west coast of Placentia Bay. Made of strips of worn-out clothes (also unravelled socks and sweaters) hooked in bright patterns to a brin (burlap) backing, mats were a standard feature of Newfoundland outport homes before "times got better." They provided one last stop for valuable fabric and yarn and, packed together to cover wooden floors, they warmed the home. When Carrie moved to nearby Baine Harbour, her bags and bags of mat rags came with her. That was 22 years ago. Until a few months ago, she hadn't hooked another mat.

Now a widowed pensioner, Carrie is "delighted" to be taking up her hooker again. She's one of 20 women (aged 20 to 70) in several western Placentia communities who are building a cottage industry from their mat-making traditions. For the most part, their new mats are not to be trod on. Cheerful, often whimsical country landscapes painted in scraps of polyester T-shirts and crimpknit slacks, these are mats to hang on the wall. The Placentia West women are reviving a craft which might have died with the next generation, turning it into a folk art and finding a market for it. From January, when they took up the experiment, until May they received \$2,000 worth of orders (about 60 mats) from craft shops in St.

offering such advice because "there is an economic point to this." The women are saving old clothes again, even scouring rummage sales, but their enthusiasm is more than economic. "If you see a nice bit of material on the side of the road," Edna Denty says, "you almost stop and pick it up." Doris Reid ran out of blue in the middle of a mat so she cut up a new turquoise dress. Not everyone loved



PHOTOS BY NIGEL MARKHAM

Baine Harbour women: (Front) Doris Reid, Beulah Kenway; (back) Annie May King, Edna Denty, Joy Kenway, Catherine Smith

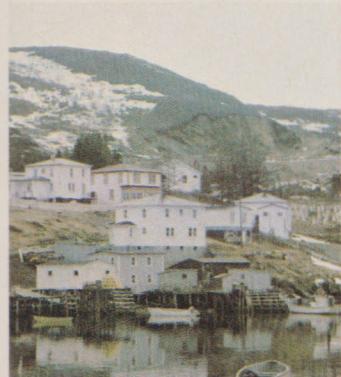
John's and from places as far away as Vancouver.

The mat makers live mainly in Baine Harbour, Boat Harbour and Red Harbour, beautiful hill-rimmed settlements not far from Marytown. The fishing is good on the Burin Peninsula, but for energetic women there isn't much to do when the day's work is done. Encouraged by the Placentia West Development Association (one of 42 such government-sponsored groups) and the Department of Rural Development's craft section, the mat-making enterprise is filling that gap. The craft section has a marketing specialist who takes sample mats to wholesale shows and, later this year, the group may get into direct retailing.

Some women greeted the idea of hooking decorative mats for sale with skepticism, but their first-blush success has all but wiped that out. "They tell us the brighter the colors, the better the chance of selling," Edna Denty of Baine Harbour says. She's the group's volunteer business manager. Colleen Lynch, craft design specialist with Rural Development, has been

hooking mats as a girl, as Carrie Rodway did: Annie Lockyer of Boat Harbour made them because she "had to." She didn't go to a hooking class, set up to get more women involved in the project, but later decided to try her hand. Now she says she'll leave her housework to get at her mat. "When you get started, you don't want to stop."

Coincidentally, a historical exhibition of hooked mats, which Colleen Lynch collected from around the province, has just left the Memorial University Art Gallery in St. John's for Great Britain where it will show in six centres from November to early January. (It returns to Canada in the spring of 1981 to travel for another two or three years.) Lynch's research confirmed that love of color distinguishes Newfoundland and Labrador mats from those made in the Maritimes and New England. While this exhibition and the new mat-making in Placentia Bay happened independently, the show should spur an interest in mats outside the province. "I'm really keen on keeping the old crafts alive," Lynch says, "but keeping them alive in a contemporary way." —Amy Zierler



Clockwise, left, Baine Harbour; mat by unknown maker, Bay Bulls; Baine Harbour mat by unknown maker from northern Nfld. or southern Labrador; mat by Loretta Smith, Boat Harbour; Annie Lockyer with her mat; Una Way's "Dog Team, Caribou and Hunters"; study in purple, yellow and rose by Kizziah Way



Photography

Captivating darkroom trickery

Michael Saunders, Woodstock, N.B., "sandwiches" transparencies to make a little magic

Camera in hand, Michael Saunders chased fire trucks at age 10. When news photographers moved to shoot, little Michael was right behind. When they clicked, he clicked. Saunders is 38 now, and still as gungho as ever. He says he's lucky to be able to earn a living at what he most loves to do, and has never really had a conventional job. The Woodstock, N.B., photographer (*Atlantic Insight* ran photography by his wife, Judy, in May) tackles photojournalism, and commercial, industrial and portrait photography. He also experiments. Using shower glass from a hardware store, he can make photos look like paintings. Sometimes, he "frigs" for days to get a particular effect.

His most fascinating prints are multiple exposures. He constructs them by sandwiching together as many as a half-dozen transparencies. He deliberate-

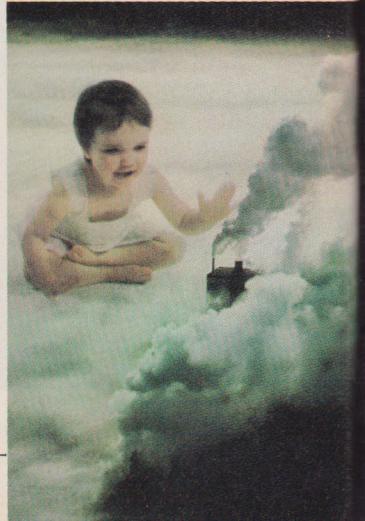
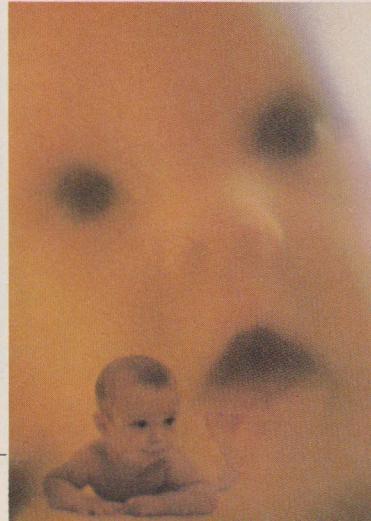
ly shoots "elements" for composite photos and stockpiles these transparencies by the thousand. Mostly, he uses Ektachrome film at ASA 64. Tired or not, he processes a roll the moment he's shot it. He pours over transparencies on a light table, chooses combinations. As ideas zap him, he keeps on building. "That," he might tell himself, "is still blah." So he adds something—maybe a branch or a butterfly—to get what he wants.

Saunders and his wife own identical Olympus cameras "so we won't fight," but he says equipment is secondary, that "the most important thing is taking pictures." He's been doing that since he was eight, when he got a Baby Brownie. Soon after that, he beat everyone else to a fire in Kentville, N.S., where he grew up, and sold his photos to a local newspaper. At 12, he had a

job in a studio darkroom and, while other boys played baseball, he photographed weddings. He was 18 when he opened a studio in Woodstock.

Saunders wouldn't trade his life there for all the bright lights and bucks of big cities. Woodstock, he says, hasn't hurt his career at all. He sells many prints by mail and says that, since the photograph is everything, "it doesn't matter where you are." He attends photography shows all over North America, and finds Atlantic Canadian photographers more than measure up. Of course, they have a lot to work with: "Overall, so far as scenery goes, I don't know anywhere that's more beautiful." Two years running he was named Atlantic Photographer of the Year. He missed out in '79 but thinks that was just as well. It kept his head from swelling.

—Roma Senn

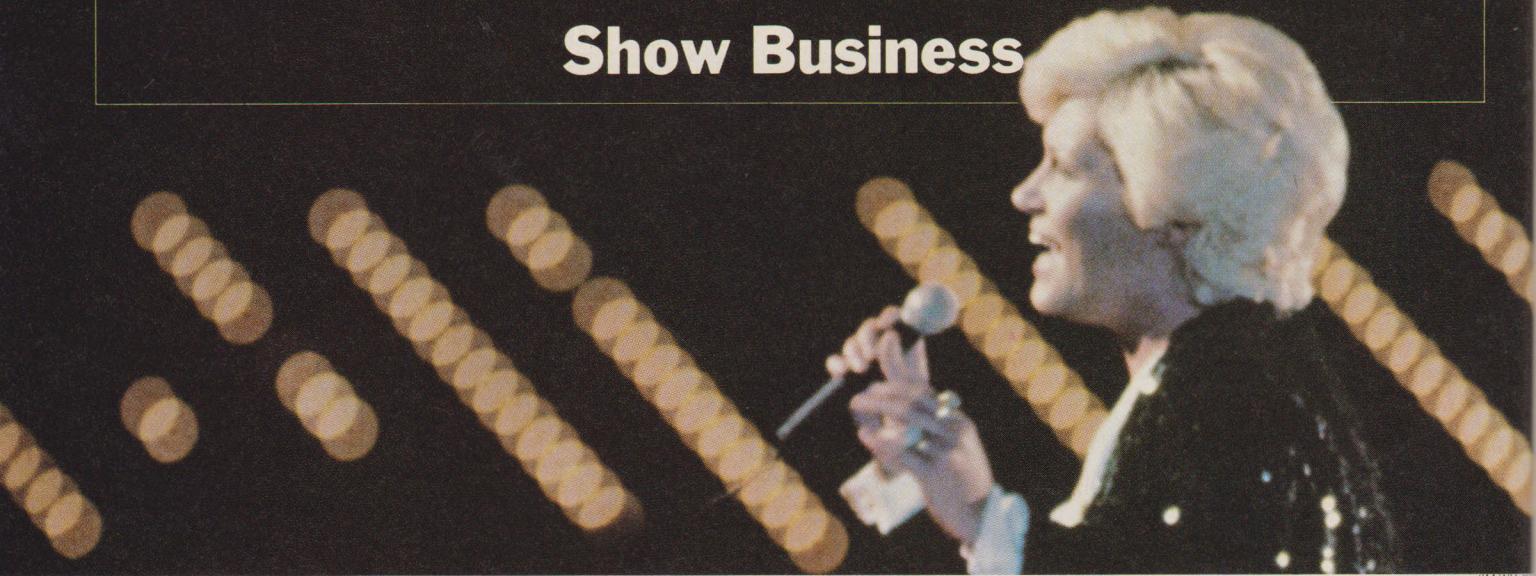


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Show Business



JIM WHITKIN

She's got a voice like "the powerful tones of a school bell!"

She's never been this far before

When Carroll Baker sang "I've Never Been This Far Before" at the Juno Awards, she was the overnight sensation of country music in Canada. She also sings about her own wedding night. Talk about honest!

By Dick Brown

Let's begin with the story about Carroll Baker eating chicken at a country fair because it's a pretty good example of how wonderfully honest and up front she is about herself. Carroll is the girl from Port Medway, N.S., who's become Canada's top country singer (female or male) by belting out emotional and often sexy lyrics. The chicken story comes from her manager, Don Grashey.

"She was appearing at a fair," Grashey recalls, "and it was about 15 minutes before she was supposed to go onstage. She bit into a piece of chicken and a tooth came out of her bridge. Somebody found some glue or something and Carroll got the tooth stuck back in. Now anybody else would have kept quiet about it but Carroll got out there onstage and she told everybody."

Honesty, indeed. But if you think that's telling secrets, consider the fact that Carroll wrote a song about her wedding night. It's called "Hungry Fire of Love" and part of it goes like this:

*Deep within there's a hungry fire
that's burning,
And it's feeding on the fuel of
ecstasy,
As I quiver 'neath your touch my
body's yearning
For the gentle, rhythmic love
you're teaching me.*

"I'm saying what the average woman wants to say but can't put into words," Carroll told a writer. "Before I released it, I asked John [her hus-

band] if he minded. He said go ahead because it would just show our love for each other."

I think about Carroll's down-to-earth revelations as I follow her directions to her home in Burlington, a city 25 miles west of Toronto, and the thing that crosses my mind is that I've interviewed a number of country-music singers from Nova Scotia and they all seem to be surprisingly frank. I've talked with Hank Snow (originally from Liverpool) at his home in Nashville and listened to him describe his encounters with booze—now past—and I've heard Wilf Carter (a native of Port Hilford) reveal that he has dentures and a hair piece and that a pin helps hold his nose together and that his voice itself isn't very good and... I wonder, as I park the car, what bit of candor Carroll Baker will offer.

Her home is a two-storey, yellow brick, middle-class sort of place but with a navy-blue Lincoln Continental in the driveway. I ring the bell at the appointed hour, 10 a.m., and it takes about a minute for Carroll to answer the door because, it turns out, she's fallen behind schedule. She's caring for her husband who's home with a bowling injury, a sore back. She's wearing a T-shirt and shorts and her hair is in curlers.

"Come on in," she says, leading the way into the kitchen which is a spiffy-looking room with two large, glass-doored ovens set into one wall, and another wall of sliding glass doors that

open onto a Japanese rock garden. One end of the kitchen is also glass doors and they lead to a large, indoor swimming pool with a monster of a fireplace at one side.

Carroll provides a quick tour, suggests I come on out some day and bring my kids for a swim, then she leads me to an office off the other end of the kitchen. While she finishes the work with her curlers, she leaves me in the office. There's a black wall-to-wall carpet, a black and grey sofa, with white doilies on its arms, and the coffee table also holds a doily—white, pink and green, with a green ashtray, in the shape of a swan, sitting in its centre. There's a small desk in a corner and there are various radios and tape-recorders and players spotted here and there. On the walls are framed awards and several gold and platinum records, reflections of her success.

Carroll Baker is 31 years old and she is, surely, the essence of many



For much of the year, a stay-at-home

dreams of success: The girl at the Loblaws checkout counter who hit the bull's-eye. Really and truly, that's how it happened. She was a checker at a Loblaws supermarket in the Toronto suburb of Oakville, with no experience as a singer, other than fooling around with songs at parties, and she was out one night with her husband, at a little place called the Halton Hotel, and she got up onstage—just fooling around—and sang the only country song she knew, "Stand by Your Man," and the band hired her on the spot, and...

She has the curlers out now and her blonde hair is shaped high on her head. She's wearing a red blouse, blue pants and white slippers, and she brings coffee to the office and begins at the beginning, back in Port Medway, on Nova Scotia's south shore. Carroll was one of six children (three boys, three girls) of Gordon Baker, who worked for a company that built wharfs and breakwaters. They had a little family band and Carroll learned to handle the guitar by watching her brother Fordon play it. Her dad bought her a guitar and she began taking it to the two-room Port Medway Public School during lunch hours and playing while the other kids sang.

The songs were not country. They were rock songs, by the likes of the Beatles, and there was also a fair bit of religious music in her life. In fact, a fair bit of religion, period. "My father was a Baptist and my mother was Anglican and sometimes we went to both churches on Sunday. And we sang religious songs at home. God was a very important part of our lives. We had Sunday get-togethers. We'd go to my Gramma Baker's home and my Aunt Irene, or sometimes my Aunt Bertha would play the piano, and we'd all sing. 'In the Sweet By and By,' 'Just a Closer Walk with Thee,' 'The Old, Rugged Cross.'"

When Carroll was 15, and in Grade 10, the company her dad worked for went out of business and the family moved to Ontario. Carroll found the new schools large and often unfriendly. Other students kidded her about her down-east accent (she said *warsh* for *wash*, for instance), and she dropped out and began a series of jobs: In a bookstore; a clock factory; as a waitress at a suburban restaurant; as a cashier at both Canadian Tire and Loblaws. One night, a girlfriend lined Carroll up with a blind date and the two couples went out together. Carroll didn't like her date much. The guy she did like was the fellow who was out with her girlfriend and this suited everyone. By the end of the evening, they'd switched partners.

Carroll and her girlfriend's ex-boyfriend, a fellow named John, from Edmundston, N.B., were married in

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Show Business

1968 when Carroll was 19 years old. (John is supervisor of the scrap operation at a metal business in Hamilton, and Carroll asks that his name be left out of this article so he won't get pestering calls or letters.) Up to this point, Carroll was definitely a non-fan of country music. "I hated it when I was a child because I thought people always sang it through their noses and I thought the songs were for people who were illiterate." But then, on her honeymoon, filled with the romance of the occasion, Carroll suddenly saw country in a new light. She and John were driving down in Pennsylvania—near Reading, Carroll recalls—when a country song called "Almost Persuaded" floated over the radio, and it changed her life. It's a song about a fellow, a married man, who meets a girl in a bar. They're dancing together and things are getting a little steamy when there it is, there in her eyes—a picture of his wedding band. Naturally, things cool right down.

Carroll began singing the occasional country song at parties and one evening, at that hotel, a couple of friends urged her to try a number from the stage, with a band called The Country Blues. The band liked her so much that she won a job singing on Fridays and Saturdays, at \$15 a night. Chiefly because she couldn't find time to learn new material she lasted only a few weeks, but she was on the bottom rung.

A man from CHOO, a small suburban radio station, invited her to perform on a show, and another man asked her to record a song he'd written, "Mem'ries of Home." He had a friend, Don Grashey, who ran a little recording studio in Thunder Bay, Ont., and Grashey became Carroll's manager. The record went nowhere, and for the next couple of years Carroll plugged away, making records and appearing in an assortment of clubs and theatres across Canada, sometimes in the U.S., not always with a great deal of success. "I did a tour of Michigan in 1974 with David Houston and we played auditoriums that hold seven and eight thousand people, and we'd get, like, 300 people. I felt terrible about it. I wouldn't take my pay."

She also had a bit of success, especially with a song called "I've Never Been This Far Before," written by the American country singer, Conway Twitty (whose music company is called Twitty Bird). Carroll's version went to the top of the Canadian charts and somebody arranged for her to sing it at the 1976 Juno Awards ceremony. To realize the importance of this event, you

have to understand that there's a big difference between hearing Carroll Baker on records and watching her onstage where she can really light into a song. Records just don't do justice to her belting style and her driving voice, which one critic likened to the powerful tones of a school bell. It pours out of Carroll on a wave of emotion that seems to roll along almost out of control. When the mayor of Thunder Bay made her an honorary daughter of the city, she cried so hard that she lost one of

her false eyelashes. Today, when she talks to me about her six-year-old daughter, Candace, she pauses and apologizes: "I can't even discuss her without getting emotional." I look at Carroll and, sure enough, her eyes are filled with tears.

Anyway, Carroll's Juno appearance was a big deal because people could watch her lean into her song with so much gutsy feeling, and because she was a surprise to all the sophisticates who figured country music was still about

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Show Business

cowboys and the lonesome trail. "They expected to see somebody with a guitar around her neck."

Ah, yes. That's the trouble with people who don't know country—they can't grasp its marvellous scope. They think it's cornball and they can't understand how anybody can be taken in by such shlock. The point is that we country fans *know* a lot of it is cornball and we like it *because* it's so terrible. I was in the car the other day and somebody on a country station played one I'd

never heard before, praising the virtues of Mogen David wine, which is not one of your fine French vintages by a long shot: "Will they have Mogen David in heaven, Sweet Jesus?" the song asked, then added: "If they don't, who the hell wants to go?" Absolutely magnificent—and talk about honest!

Carroll's song at the Juno Awards was "I've Never Been This Far Before," and her delivery, and the song's suggestive lyrics, made Carroll a hit overnight, a genuine smasheroo: There were offers

for club dates, guest shots on TV, TV specials, a contract with RCA. Carroll Baker was no longer nudging success, she'd arrived.

"Excuse me," she says, as the doorbell rings, and she returns, in a few moments, with an envelope left by the postman—a packet containing a set of two season tickets for the Toronto Blue Jays' baseball games. "We have good seats," she says, "down at field level but last year we didn't get to a single game—and the two tickets cost \$1,100. We gave them to friends."

This may sound as though she tosses money around but she insists she does not. "A lot of people can't understand why I don't have a Rolls Royce and a mansion and a maid. I don't want them." Apart from a liking for the simple life (relatively speaking), she probably couldn't afford a Rolls and a mansion. She doesn't discuss the specifics of her income but she says that it's not into six figures. This seems low until you consider the time she devotes to her home and her daughter—five or six months out of every year.

It's time to pick up her daughter now, at school, and bring her home for lunch. The school isn't far but there's a cold front hanging around, a straggler from late winter, and Carroll figures it's too nippy for Candace to walk. So we ease over to the school in the big Continental and Candace, an open, friendly child, climbs in the back and Carroll introduces her and says she got five excellents on her last report.

Back at home, Carroll boils water for spaghetti, a very thin spaghetti, and melts a batch of her home-made sauce that she removes from the freezer. She serves three plates—one for Candace, one for John, who's in bed upstairs, and one for me. None for Carroll, because she's 116 pounds at the moment and she's trying to get down to 105, on a frame that's barely five feet, before she goes back on the road. She tends to be chunky, and quite strong; one time a man was making obscene gestures and she grabbed him by the hair and hauled him the length of the stage.

Mostly, though, Carroll is...the best word is probably sweet. "She's a perfect lady," says Gord Ambrose, the music director of CFGM, in Toronto, Canada's largest country station. "And she's so down to earth," he adds, "that people can't believe it. They think it's a put-on but it's not."

"She's always been an easy person to work with," says Don Grashey, her manager, but he notes that they sometimes disagree over how much work she



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From Conway Twitty, her second platinum disc should do. "She's got the mother instinct and I've had a lot of static from agents about it. But if that's the way she wants it, it's fine with me."

The quiet life certainly is what Carroll wants. She is not a wild liver. She smokes and she enjoys a gin and tonic—but not a lot of them. She likes to bowl and she enjoys eating out every so often, thrives on junk food, loves Big Macs. She also thrives on soap operas and she watches a couple of them almost every afternoon. She likes Ontario well enough but she says she hopes to move back to Nova Scotia one day (at the moment, John is not keen on the idea). "I miss the serenity of the ocean," says Carroll. "Listening to it hit the shore. It's a place where you can predict what's going to happen because you know that *nothing* is going to happen."

But don't get the idea that Carroll lacks ambition. "I want so much to break into the U.S. market. I'm not happy with just a piece of the pie." She's just released a couple of singles in the States (earlier singles fell pretty flat) and what she really wants are enough sales to lead to bigger things. "If I don't have a record going in the U.S., how do I get on Dinah? How do I get on Mike Douglas [since replaced by John Davidson]?"

She loves performing, especially the songs that are highly emotional. "She'll move you to tears," says Ossie Branscombe, who runs a country-music record store in Toronto. Jack McAn-

drew, then in charge of CBC variety (he's also from Atlantic Canada), said in the liner notes on one of Carroll's albums: "This is a genuine one-hundred-percent lady—each time, every time, all the time." Now, as the total of her album sales climbs toward one million (RCA won't reveal the exact figure), she admits that something bothers her. It has to do with those sexy lyrics, and her frankness on the subject is truly surprising.

"I believe my voice is an instrument of God," she says, "and a record like 'I've Never Been This Far Before' is certainly not a record that God would like."

"Well then," I ask her, "why would you record a song like that?"

"Because a hit record is a hit...isn't that awful?"

There's a pause, slightly embarrassing, then she adds that she's getting some new songs ready for her act and—this time—she's discarding a couple of numbers because they're too raunchy. There's another pause, then—more honesty. "Besides," she points out, "the suggestive songs are not the favorites. They did a survey during one of my specials and the most popular songs were religious—'Just a Closer Walk with Thee' and 'How Great Thou Art.' They got a listening index of 88%. That's a very high rating."

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It's not a bad formula, as the people at Charlottetown's Confederation Centre know. *Anne of Green Gables* has been packing houses at the Charlottetown Festival for 15 years with its orphan-girl-meets-old-folks routine. This summer, the Festival is launching yet another adaptation of a children's classic by a well-loved woman author—*Little Lord Fauntleroy* by Frances Hodgson Burnett. This time, the juvenile hero is a New York boy, and the irascible oldster is his grandfather, an English nobleman.

By Festival standards, *Fauntleroy*, which opens July 4, is a really big show. The Centre is spending \$75,000 on 87 costumes (circa 1890) and sets that range from Fourth of July New York street parades to castles in England. *Fauntleroy* will cost about \$200,000, close to the original cost of *Anne*. And before rehearsals had even started this spring, visions of box-office lineups to rival those for *Anne* were dancing in Festival producer Ron Francis's head. "I have a better feeling about this show," he says, "than any other show I've worked on for the Festival."

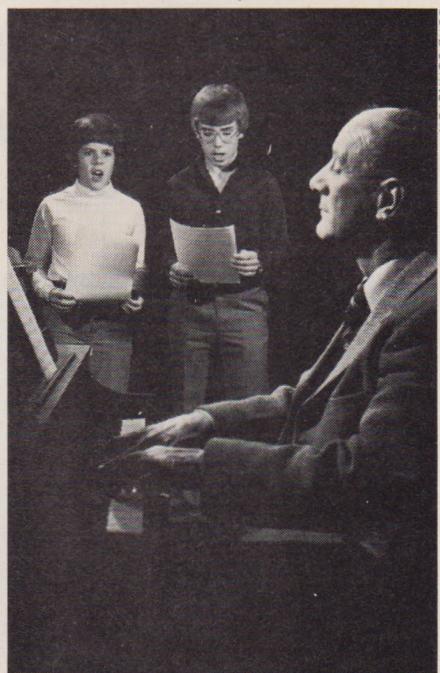
Francis is careful not to sound too critical of *Anne*; after all, it has been the backbone of the Festival from the beginning. But he thinks *Fauntleroy* has a meatier script. There are a few villains, some suspenseful moments, and in the original script, at least, a big, mean-looking dog with a heart of gold.

Where *Fauntleroy* really outshines *Anne*, though, is in its music. The songs were written by a master of the art—the late Johnny Burke, the Hollywood composer whose hit songs were immortalized by Bing Crosby in the Thirties. "When the overture starts and people suddenly hear 'Pennies from Heaven' and 'Pocketful of Dreams,' they're going to fall apart right away," says Francis. "Right away, they're on our side, before the actors even begin."

Fauntleroy is a rags-to-riches story about a New York boy who discovers he's the heir to a British earldom. The

Charlottetown musical is a new production, although most of the music dates back 10 years or more. When Johnny Burke died, his legacy included five never-used songs he'd written for a never-launched Broadway musical version of the Burnett book. Robert Dubberly, head of a Canadian production company, negotiated with Burke's widow for the rights to produce a musical using the five songs, plus any other music Burke had ever written. The agreement also allows *Fauntleroy*'s producers to rewrite lyrics of the old songs.

The producers scrapped the script written for Broadway and substituted



Devitt (left), Davis with music director Gwilym Bevan

one by the Festival's founding director, Mavor Moore. It calls for 46 characters, and the casting hasn't gone smoothly.

First there was the problem of the dog—a mastiff named Dougal. Mavor Moore and director Alan Lund felt Dougal was essential to the play. Francis thought Dougal would be wonderful for public relations but terrible for his own peace of mind. (During his brief and unhappy career as an actor 18 years ago, Francis played a drunken sailor

who led a goat onstage. The goat committed all the sins you'd expect of a goat, including defecation and refusal to obey orders.)

Dougal is supposed to be able to act a little—growl on cue, cast meaningful glances. That meant auditioning for a dog, finding a trainer and somebody to work the dog onstage, finding him a place to live and getting him a home when his acting career was over. After the dog had been written in and out of the script a couple of times, Francis finally found a dog and a trainer, but no place to lodge the dog. Less than a month before rehearsals started, the problem was in the hands of a dog-food company. If it could produce a canine Olivier in a few weeks, Confederation Centre said, fine. If not, Dougal was out of the script for good.

There was never any doubt about keeping the unlovable old Earl of Dorincourt in the show, but it took about two months to settle that casting problem. Francis and Lund wanted Douglas Chamberlain, who plays Matthew in *Anne of Green Gables* and is a 10-year veteran of the Festival. Mavor Moore gave Chamberlain full marks as an actor but demanded a taller, more imperial person for the role. His nominees, including Douglas Campbell and Tony Van Bridge, were either unavailable or too expensive for the Festival. Everybody finally agreed on Chamberlain.

Finding the child star was easier, Francis says. When they advertised the Toronto auditions, they expected to be over-run with cute little boys. Only 15 showed up, none of them suitable. Lund suggested an 11-year-old Kitchener, Ont., child, Duane Woods, whom he'd already directed in several musicals. For a while it was a toss-up between Woods and Martin Devitt, also 11, of Charlottetown. Woods won because he was the stronger actor, Francis says. Devitt, who will understudy the Fauntleroy role, was cast as Billy, Fauntleroy's best friend. Another Prince Edward Island boy, Scott Davis of Summerside, will understudy Billy and play the role of the nasty kid who's after Fauntleroy's title.

As Francis says, with kids and dogs you can't miss. And when the prospects for a dog looked dimmer, he started looking for that little extra something to crank up public interest in the new production. Then he remembered the Fourth of July parade and the streetcar at the end: "If I can't get you a dog," he asked around the Centre, "would you buy a horse?"

—Marian Bruce



Weekend Commuter-

Smirnoff Style



Down-east speech is some distinctive

Murray Kinloch knows. He's been studying the way we talk for 15 years

How do you tell an American from a Canadian? "Ask him how many wives he has," suggests Murray Kinloch, a professor of English at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. He explains that most Canadians pronounce *wives* so that it rhymes with *hives*. To most Americans it's simply *wife* with an *s* at the end. "It's the same with knife and knives. The difference in pronunciation between the singular and the plural forms is almost entirely Canadian."

Being a scholar (he has spent 15 years studying the speech of the Atlantic provinces), he is quick to add that there are exceptions to the rule. In Delaware, Maryland and on Martha's Vineyard, they pronounce wives and knives in the Canadian way. On the other hand, almost everywhere in the U.S. (and Britain) they make a distinction between the sounds of *cot* and *caught*, which like *knot* and *naught* sound exactly the same when spoken by most Canadians. And, of course, only Canadians lie or sit on chesterfields; to Americans they're sofas or davenports.

Kinloch, a native of Glasgow and a graduate of Scotland's St. Andrew's University who came to Canada in 1959, says he is not certain he could tell a mainland Nova Scotian from a New Brunswicker, and it's not always easy to tell a Cape Breton Islander from a Newfoundland. But there's no problem in distinguishing Maritimers and Newfoundlanders from other Canadians. We use *some* as an adverb, as in, "Boy, it's some hot today!" The only other places where that happens are Cornwall, Lincolnshire and Lancashire.

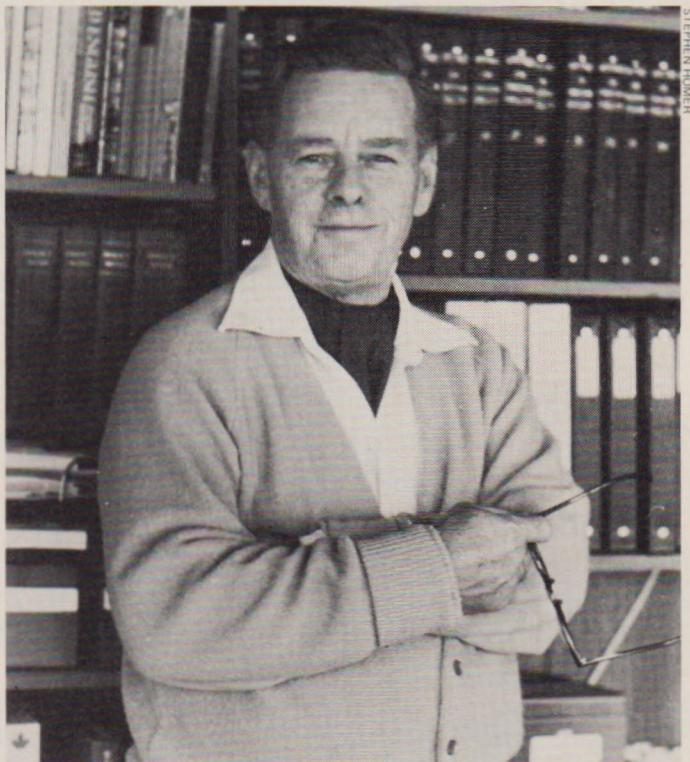
He deplores the fact that "people are held in contempt or, what is far worse, hold themselves in contempt, because they don't speak according to the standard system when, in reality, there's nothing wrong with their own system. It's simply older." Surprisingly, considering they have tended to be the more adventurous members of their society, immigrants have been more conservative than stay-at-home relatives when it comes to the spoken word.

"When a Newfoundland says 'I be' or 'you be' or 'he be,' he's talking the way Englishmen did when Good King Alfred burned the cakes."

A knowledge of how people in a particular region actually speak is important if teaching is to be realistic. "A lot of grammar books set out to correct blunders which we in New Brunswick do not in fact make. They'll stress that *them* shouldn't be used as the subject of a sentence. That's not a mistake we make in this neck of the woods."

Kinloch believes it's a waste of time for parents "to get terribly uptight about their kids' pronunciation. The language is always changing. It has been changing ever since our ancestors were running around the plains of northern Europe painting each other blue." For instance, he says, there's a natural tendency for words to evolve into a single form. "Originally, there were six or eight forms of *who*. Now we have only three—*who*, *whom* and *whose*—and very soon we'll have only two, *who* and *whose*."

Every fall he gives his new crop of students a list of 16 words and asks them to define each of the words and use it in a sentence. These experiments have confirmed that local words that used to be commonplace are disappearing. "One word I give them is *bogans*," defined in Gage's *Concise Dictionary of Canadianisms* as "a word very much used by guides and others who go into the New Brunswick woods, a still creek or bay branching from a stream." He says he's "lucky if one in 10 of them knows what it means." Almost none of them can define *chores*, which among other things used to mean the work that kids were expected to do around the house or the barn.



Kinloch: Our speech forms aren't wrong. Just older

Professor Kinloch also gets "some bloody weird" answers from his students and "some misconceptions that are rather frightening." He was perplexed at first by the discovery that a number of them thought that *sanguine* referred to imprisonment. Finally, the explanation occurred to him. It sounded like San Quentin, a name they had heard again and again on TV crime shows. "Television has got them into the habit of hearing part of a word and guessing the rest." He looks upon this as "the most dangerous thing happening to language today."

While he suspects that "it's probably true we're witnessing the death throes of the age of literacy," this doesn't lessen Kinloch's enthusiasm for his work. With casual self-assurance, he mentions in passing that it will likely take him another 15 years to complete his study of how the anglophone inhabitants of the Atlantic region use their native tongue.

—Alden Nowlan

Feedback

I never subscribed to a magazine before which makes me want to buy it the minute I notice it on the newsstands, forgetting that, soon, it will be delivered to my home. That's how eagerly I look forward to each copy.

Anne Bauld
Halifax, N.S.

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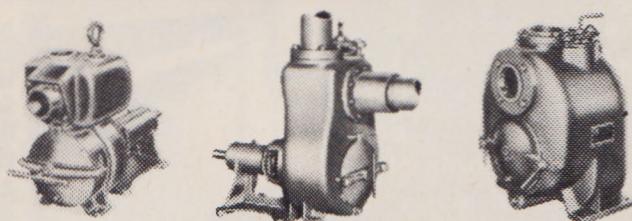
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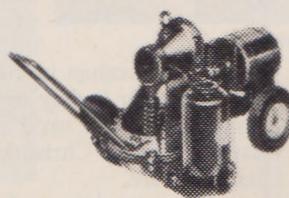
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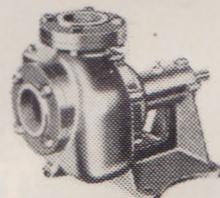
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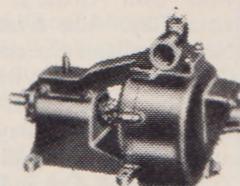
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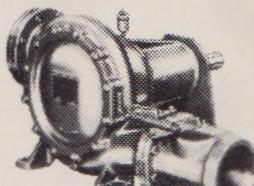
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Expatriates

Yes, buddy, it's true. Seal flippers in Toronto

Up along, Newfoundland grocery stores relieve homesickness

The hodge-podge of food stores that serve Toronto's impressive mix of people represents the tastes of 70 or 80 countries—and one province: Newfoundland and Labrador. Look among the shops that sell epicurean marvels—such delights as *Mascarpone* (an Italian cheese that's as smooth as whipped cream), Greek *galaktobouriko* (a pastry as light as a cloud), Russian breads and Croatian sausages, Chinese and Indian spices—and you'll also come across the no-nonsense Newfoundland stores that sell seal flippers and cod tongues, partridge berries and turnip tops, and Doyle's Beef Iron Wine, a tonic that has helped ease many a Newfoundland through the misery of bitter winters.

In fact, the stores themselves are

beef navels, the makings of corned beef. Big rolls of bologna ("Newfie steak") that run eight and nine pounds—customers often buy entire rolls. There are foods from all over Atlantic Canada: Tidewater Seafood Chowder from Charlottetown; Nova Sweet Pickles from Kentville, N.S. And no Newfoundland store would be without King Cole Tea, from Sussex, N.B.

From Newfoundland itself, the stores offer wide selections of products turned out by such well-known names as Doyle and Purity—Purity cookies and biscuits, candies (peppermint knobs and peanut butter kisses) and syrups—and there are other odds and ends for which Newfoundlanders show a loyalty that's truly remarkable.

There's a special savory, for instance, that grows near St. John's and has a distinctive and almost addictive flavor. Newfoundlanders who live in such U.S. cities as Buffalo and Rochester drive to Toronto to replenish their savory supplies. When Gosse's ran out of the savory one Christmas, a disappointed New-

foundland woman in Toronto said she'd just leave her turkey in the freezer for a couple of weeks, until a fresh supply of savory arrived. Christmas dinner would have to wait.

The proprietors of the little stores are understanding because, naturally, they're all from Newfoundland themselves. Marina and Nathaniel Barrett, who own Gosse's, are from Bonavista Bay. Ada Evans, who runs the Newfoundland Specialty Shop, is from Corner Brook. Hayward Parrott, whose store bears his name, is a native of Winterton, on Trinity Bay, and Gerry Ralph of the Maritime Food Store comes from Traytown on Alexander Bay.

As well as foods, the stores offer an assortment of household items that Newfoundlanders grew up with—Jeyes

Fluid (a pungent, household cleaner), for example, and Reckitt's Square Blue (to put a sparkle into fading white clothes), plaques that bear weather sayings ("When gulls flock to shore, there's weather in store")—and newspapers, and racks of tapes and records, many by Newfoundland performers. There are offerings from the likes of Roy Payne, Dick Nolan, Michael T. Wall and Joan Morrisey, whose album is the product of a concert at the Admiral's Keg in St. John's, and includes such favorites as "Seven Drunken Nights," "CN Bus" and "The Baby Bonus Song." There's even a record of music from the Holy Redeemer Church at Spaniard's Bay.

On Saturday mornings, when people are out doing their weekly shopping, the stores become meeting places where Newfoundlanders find out about the school or firehall that a town is planning to build, or the latest rumors about oil. There are often postcards on the walls, and sometimes a notice or a business card. Gosse's displays a sign inviting a customer to: "Try your luck—win a trip for two to Newfoundland and one thousand dollars, for \$1.00." At the Maritime Food Store, a batch of real-estate cards hangs on a hook near the door: "Your man in Toronto, Mac Jennings, a native of central Newfoundland."

The stores all have a good, easy-going feeling. For one thing, they're worlds away from the Saturday-morning hassles you run into in a Dominion or a Loblaws. For another—and this is what really matters—there's nothing like a feed of solid, familiar grub to kill a twinge of homesickness. (North Americans in Paris, surrounded by the superb foods of France, spend hours in search of a hamburger, or a plate of bacon and eggs for breakfast.)

A couple of Newfoundlanders were in the Maritime Food Store the other day and they'd obviously just learned about the place, just learned that they could still get their hands on the culinary wonders of home. They were moving along the shelves, picking up this and that and holding up items for each other's approval. It was a feast of discovery. One fellow stopped suddenly in front of a refrigerated case and he reached in and came up with a package of partridge berries. He held them aloft and called excitedly to his pal. "Look at this," he said, and his pal seemed almost unable to believe their good fortune. Finally, he said, "Geezos, we're gonna eat for sure, aren't we!"

—Dick Brown



Gerry Ralph: If you dislike lobster, try beef navels

something of a tonic for the thousands of Newfoundlanders in Toronto. There are probably upward of 50,000 in the city (nobody can offer more than an estimate). Four grocery stores keep them fuelled with a line of foods that most mainlanders have never even dreamed of. Once in a while, some Torontonian who's barely been further east than the suburb of Scarborough wanders into Gosse's Newfoundland Grocery or the Maritime Food Store ("Specializing in the foods of Newfoundland") and he thinks he's stepped into another world.

The shelves are lined with products and names that all Newfoundlanders (and many Maritimers) know and thrive on. Tins of turnip tops from Comfort Cove. Packages of capelin. Huge pails of

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"Willy's boy" comes home

After 20 years George Grant, author, philosopher is returning to N.S. It's a matter of roots

In 1960, George Parkin Grant left the philosophy department of Dalhousie University and moved back to his native Toronto after a 15-year absence. The drive into the city from the airport threw him into immediate cultural shock: "I remember being gripped in the sheer presence of the booming, pulsating place which had arisen since

first 15 minutes back in town, but for Grant, these were not mere musings in the back seat of a cab. Over the next 20 years, from his vantage point at the hub of cosmopolitan Canada, he would incorporate those impressions and fears into his teachings and writing, questioning the political, economic and cultural costs of that all-American technology Canadians clearly coveted. Journalist Robert Fulford would call Grant "the voice from the back of the bus, insisting that the destination is a place he doesn't want to go." Historian Ramsay Cook would declare him and his polar opposite, Pierre Trudeau, Canada's two most important intellectuals. People would buy his books—*Lament for a Nation, Technology and Empire*—and argue about them.

George Grant, doctor of philosophy, former Rhodes scholar, made his mark. But even during that first ride into Toronto, he knew "I had come home to something that could never be my home." This summer, their six children grown and moved away, Grant, now 61, and his wife, Sheila, will leave Ontario and return to Nova Scotia and Dalhousie, where Grant will teach political science, classics and religion. "I've seen this culture, southwestern Ontario, in detail for 20 years," he says. "Ontario, I think, is just too big and tough for me. One has to live as a human being also and I would rather spend the last years of my life in Nova Scotia."

He leans back on a sofa in the parlor of his home in Dundas, Ont., a 10-minute drive from McMaster University, where he currently teaches in the religion department. He is a visual stereotype of the rumpled, rumbling professor, bearded, slightly grizzled, hardly a vision of urban chic. He pours tea from a china pot, a gentle, genial host, and flicks the ashes from his Craven A's into the saucer. The house is rambling and rundown, set on a beautifully wooded ravine lot, directly opposite a newly built subdivision, technology taunting the owl a stone's throw away.

Grant talks fondly of the family's summer retreat at Terence Bay, N.S., a tiny cabin he built himself when his children were young. "This is supposed to be such a good word in the modern

world—but southwestern Ontario is too dynamic a society for me," he says. "Nova Scotia just feels like home."

Roots are what matter. Grant's a brilliant academic mind with a penchant for the real, a disdain for the abstract. His are the uncloistered forums of public opinion—the CBC, *The Globe and Mail*, public periodicals, not just scholarly journals. He has always maintained that philosophy must deal with real life: "My sister raised her children to believe the world would be saved by social work. They're all in academia. I raised mine to believe the world would be saved by academia and they're all in social work."

Grant's own roots are in Nova Scotia. His ancestors came there from Scotland in the early 1800s. His grandfather, George Munro Grant, left the Maritimes to be principal of Queen's University from 1877 to 1902. The ashes of his mother, Maude Parkin, are buried outside Moncton in Salisbury.

The move to Nova Scotia will allow him to pursue more vigorously his own shift in philosophical focus, away from politics and towards the wider issue of justice. "My final and deepest loyalty is to Christianity and the practical questions it poses," he says. His last book, *English-speaking Justice*, based on a series of lectures delivered at Mount Allison University in 1974, introduced Grant's fears that the convenience-store mentality of our technological society will prompt us to "exclude liberal justice from those who are too weak to enforce contracts—the imprisoned, the mentally unstable, the unborn, the aged, the defeated and sometimes even the morally unconforming." His next book, to be called, *Technology and Justice*, will pursue the question further. "Whether this is going to be the kind of society where the weak are going to be very smoothly put aside is to me the great issue of the future for all of North American society," he says.

Grant is confident that his re-entry to Nova Scotia will not prove the jolt his return to Toronto was 20 years ago: "My sister went on her honeymoon to Nova Scotia. My father had not been back since my grandfather came up to Queen's almost 50 years before. She went to a house in Inverness County because she knew there were some relatives there, and told a woman at the gate, 'I'm William Grant's daughter.' The woman turned and called out, 'Willy's girl's back!'"

Willy's boy is on the way.

—Cheryl Hawkes



Grant: N.S. "just feels like home"

1945," he recalled years later. "What did it mean? Where was it going? What had made it? How could there be any stop to its dynamism without disaster, and yet, without a stop, how could there not be a disaster?"

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Marilyn MacDonald's column

For women (at last) muscles are in



In Atlantic Canada, that'll take less getting used to than you think

Now that the weather is warmer and the women runners are whipping through Camp Hill cemetery (just to the east of my office) or around Dalhousie University (just to the west) in shorts and T-shirts, I've begun to notice something about them. They are in better shape than in previous years. These are not the sluggish bodies that appeared in other Junes on Halifax's tree-lined streets, sheepishly pushing themselves out of their cocoons of winter fat. They've spent the winter on indoor tracks, racquetball and squash courts, maybe all three. They've got muscles.

I hope it cheers them on their way to know that that's OK now for women. It's been a troublesome issue. All through the dawning of the Age of Fitness, through the books on aerobics, callisthenics, isometrics, dancercizes, through the stern urgings of our federal and provincial governments to get out there and *move it*, through all those cute Participation ads, we've faced this nagging problem. Muscles. We were supposed to get fit without developing muscles.

Till recently, a typical letter to the fitness editor of any women's magazine went something like this: *I am into running and body-building sports, but my friends tell me that if I keep it up, I'll develop muscles, like a man. Is this true?* The reply was reassuring. No you won't, dear. You'll just look better, no ugly, bulging, blocky muscles, like an Olympic athlete. Like a man.

That was back in the Seventies, when an American west coast-engendered style decreed that chic was something which resembled the terminal stage of *anorexia nervosa*. Contrast it with the following response to the same question, published two months ago in a large U.S. magazine: "Some women who train very hard will, indeed, get well-developed muscles. It's hard to see why anyone would object to that. As our definitions of femininity continue to evolve in the Eighties, it's likely that the firmly toned bodies of female gymnasts, runners and weight lifters will be our paradigms."

What's even more interesting is how men are being programmed to accept the change. Last month, *Esquire*, an American publication which interprets the latest trends to resolutely with-it males, ran a cover story in celebration of the muscular woman. The writer, now a professor of English at the University of Virginia, saw the light when he held a fellow student's calves down while she exercised on a workbench. "It was," he acknowledges, "impressive and stirring."

There's an encouraging note in this for women of Atlantic Canada: It isn't going to take a great wrench to get men of the region accustomed to the new norm. Esthetics of beauty have varied with history and geography. (For more on the regional application of that, see this column in *Atlantic Insight's* March issue.) These eastern provinces don't often form the vanguard of the new social movements. But when it comes to the current feminine esthetic, we could be out in front.

The appreciation of male for female here is tinged with a feeling for the functional rather than the purely ornamental. In his piece on Bay St. Lawrence (page 38) Parker Donham records an observation by a local resident that sums the situation up quite well. In his day, the man says, the women didn't need to jog or exercise to keep trim. They did it by working hard. The note of admiration is almost palpable in the text. I once heard my grandfather, who came from Newfoundland, say the same thing in a different way. He described a countrywoman of his who was staying with us as an "able-looking woman." In Cape Breton, where I was born, some men were said to assess a woman's attractiveness in terms of her strength: Did she look as if she could carry in a load of coal?

What it all comes down to is muscles. It's nice to know the future looks good for them. Now, if my seven-year-old daughter decides she'd rather look like Nancy Garapick or Diane Jones Konihowski than Suzanne Somers, I won't have to agonize over it. At worst, she can always go live in Bay St. Lawrence.

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Dalton Camp's column

"Atlantic Canada" means zilch

Bring back the good old "Maritimes"

In Toronto the other day, the television in my hotel room was tuned to a Buffalo, N.Y., channel and a weather report. "There is," the weatherman said, "a small cold front over the Canadian Maritimes bringing showers to northern New England." I was pleased to hear it. A day later, in Ottawa, I was reading weekend newspapers—the Sunday *Toronto Sun*, *Toronto Star*, and the Saturday *Ottawa Journal*. In the travel sections of each of these were stories on the Maritimes. I was delighted to see them.

The reason for all this private pleasure lies in the reassurance that, despite the titanic efforts of the Canadian Government Office of Tourism to expunge the word *Maritimes* from the lexicon of Canadian tourism promotion, the word persists among travel writers, weathermen, and—I do believe—tourists themselves. For over a quarter of a century, the advertising and marketing geniuses of CGOT have tried to purge "the Maritimes" as a tourist area and to substitute "Atlantic Canada" in its place. Obviously, they have failed.

Now, I agree that *Atlantic* is a nice word for an ocean, or for sugar, and even for a magazine. Moreover, the word is historic for the Battle of the Atlantic, and celebrated in song by the rousing anthem, "The North Atlantic Squadron." But as a designation for a vacation area, there are a lot of things wrong with it. For one thing, it's cold. For another, it's everywhere in general and nowhere in particular.

Hurricanes move up the Atlantic seaboard; Atlantic City is Las Vegas East; people fly the Atlantic to visit Europe, where the word is never mentioned. The Atlantic is for oil spills, seal hunts, storms at sea, and sunken ships. It's a repository for icebergs and bad weather. Iceland is in the Atlantic, and ought to be.

Notwithstanding, the masterminds at CGOT have been pushing "Atlantic Canada" for 28 years. Mention "the Maritimes," and their lips curl. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland are Atlantic Canada or they are nothing, which is what they are in grave danger of becoming, at least in the consciousness of Americans. But millions of advertising

dollars have been spent in the effort to sell Atlantic Canada as a place you'd like to visit, even if you didn't know where it was and would have to dress warmly to survive the trip.

I have fought against Atlantic Canada as an appropriate, salable, marketable tourist designation for the Maritimes and Newfoundland for many years. A time may come when the bureaucrats, consultants, and advertising-agency employees promoting Atlantic Canada will outnumber the people they persuade to try to find the place. In my despair, I remember the old admonition that one cannot fight against stupidity, one can only pity it.

An advertising agency for a provincial Maritime tourism client recently tested the registration of "Atlantic Canada" in focus groups (a term in research jargon) who were assembled in Boston and Hartford. The result, in brief, was that "Atlantic Canada has no validity" as a travel description and that most respondents thought it had something to do with Canada's share of the Atlantic ocean.

Even CGOT knows it's fighting a losing battle. A recent research project in Boston and New York, by Ruth Marko and Associates on behalf of CGOT, elicited the following conclusion: "Firstly, the name Atlantic Canada as a trade mark prevents the area from being viewed as distinct. *Atlantic* suggests the sea coast, but the term *Canada* draws references to Montreal and Toronto which was viewed as detrimental and there should be a change made whereby the Atlantic provinces are viewed as separate and distinct."

Hear, hear!

So why do we allow this madness to continue? Well, partly because CGOT pays for part of the "Atlantic Canada" advertising campaigns. And partly because of the presumption in the Maritime provinces that Ottawa knows best. And partly because the tourist industry itself seems not to care how effectively the money is spent which, when you think about it, is not Ottawa money, but ours.

But now that we know they know—and they know we know they know—that Atlantic Canada as a tourist designation is a bust, and even counter-

productive, maybe the great minds who created this doomed enterprise can find something more suitable, and even more salable, to describe this corner of Canada to the world.

We all realize that the problem was created by Newfoundland's entry into Confederation: Newfoundlanders did not wish to be designated as Maritimers. And that's how we got to be designated as somewhere east of Etobicoke.

Fortunately, after all these years, people in the tourist trade still remember the Maritimes. It's an underground term in the business, used by those who know what a dandy word it still is to describe a part of Canada that has been a warm and wonderful place to visit for millions of our neighbors. So, if you're in the tourism business and care, ask not what the Canadian Government Office of Tourism has done for you, ask them what they're doing to you—and why, and for how much longer.



(Ed: In April, Atlantic Insight published some verse from Farley Mowat's upcoming "Bestiary for Unnatural Children." Not to be one-upped by a former Newfoundland and fellow writer, Harold Horwood was inspired to send us his reply. The duel is on. En garde!)

The circumpolar thick-billed turr in Ottawa is called a murre, a guillemot in Europe, and Baccalieu-bird in Newfoundland

The French say "oisseau guillemot," making the creature rhyme with "toe," The English (such a stubborn lot!) insist on saying guille-mot

But either way is an offence to anyone with common sense—I think it is a silly mot to call a turr a guillemot

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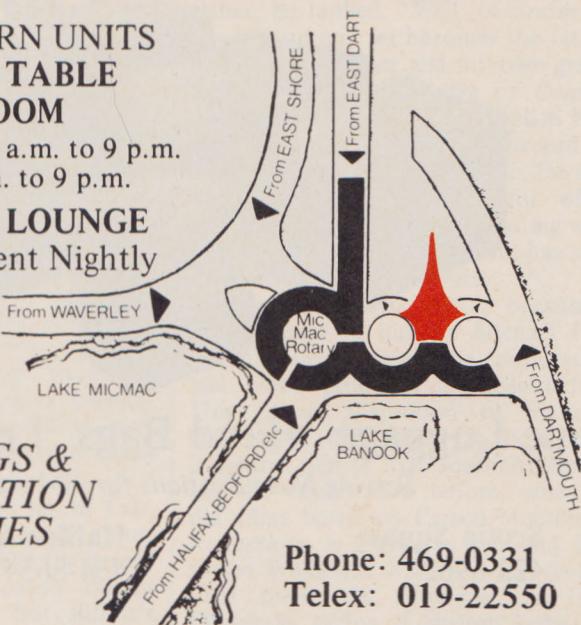
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Movies

Here's to John Huston. He's the lion in winter

By Martin Knelman

James Agee described him as "one of the ranking grasshoppers of the western hemisphere." Truman Capote called him "the last of the great romantics—an 18th-century buck with grand taste in food, clothes and women," and Marilyn Monroe said she didn't see how any woman could help falling in love with him.

John Huston has been a Hollywood legend for decades, and the legend doesn't have to lean too heavily on memories. At 73 he is a man of great personal magnetism, still in demand as an actor (most recently in *Winter Kills*), though he speaks of acting as a kind of lark that's nice for making easy money. He still has what only a handful of Hollywood directors have had—the talent and will to make great pictures. After a string of failures, he reminded the world of that four years ago with his boisterous, exquisite version of *The Man Who Would Be King*—a picture he'd wanted to make for 30 years. And now he has come back with a defiantly literary project, *Wise Blood*, which will go into general release.

I spoke to Huston on the set of *Phobia*, a Canadian thriller about a psychiatrist who is lured into a sinister network when he discovers the patients he is treating are being systematically killed off. Huston was brought in at the last minute as a hired hand, and he makes it clear without actually saying so that *Phobia* is not to be regarded as "a Huston film." He is directing traffic for a handsome fee, partly to pay for the luxury of working on low-budget projects like *Wise Blood*.

I found him peering around the grate of a moving freight elevator in a grotty Toronto loft. One of his actors, awaiting instructions from Huston, was lying flat out in an ominous shadow, about to be crushed by the elevator. Huston, unstylishly keeping warm in a snugly lined blue cap, seemed to be working in some invisible glass booth. Members of the crew deferred to him but rarely spoke directly with him. When he had something to say, it was succinct, and spoken with the kind of authority that does not need to raise its voice above a whisper. Huston has a

reputation as a practical joker, but here there was little levity. That familiar craggy face with the deep tones and the white hair tucked inside the cap suggested a kingly figure, fiercely proud. He has become the lion in winter.

But there's a terrific amiability about the man, a still-dashing friendly giant whose style of conversation is as confident and mellow as the style of his finest movies.

Though Huston grew up in California, he has moved around a lot, chasing romantic dreams like the heroes in his own movies. He didn't usually write his own material, but still it's striking how many of his movies have been about ultimately futile obsessions: *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *Moby Dick*, *Fat City*, *The Man Who Would Be King*.

The Maltese Falcon, made in 1941, not only acquired the status of a classic among thrillers; it also began his long association with Humphrey Bogart, which included *Key Largo*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *The African Queen* and *Beat the Devil*. He had wanted Bogart to play the role eventually played by Michael Caine in *The Man Who Would Be King*, but by the time he had the script in order and could get Clark Gable to play the part eventually played by Sean Connery, Bogart had become ill. After Bogie's death Huston put the project aside.

Among the most memorable movies Bogart and Huston did together was *The African Queen*, which had a script by James Agee, whom Huston had known when Agee was a movie critic at *Time*. "I'd read some of his poems and I said, 'How about writing this picture?' But when shooting began, things were not going well. Katie Hepburn was mistrustful of me. It's in her nature to be suspicious of anyone new, and she was being formidable. Finally I said, 'Play the part like Eleanor Roosevelt,' and that clicked with her."

Huston has probably directed more legend-making movies than any other living American. He won Academy Awards as both writer and director of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and his father, Walter Huston, also won an Oscar as the oldest of the possessed

prospectors. (Asked at a Toronto press conference how it felt to direct his own father, he replied, "Well, of course the director on any set becomes the father, so I was his father and my own grandfather.") *The Red Badge of Courage* became the subject of the Lillian Ross book, *Picture*, a detailed record of studio interference. *Beat the Devil*, a thriller-of-the-absurd spoof for which the script was invented as shooting went along, lost money in 1954 but has since acquired a cult of followers.

He made *Wise Blood* because it was brought to him by Michael Fitzgerald, a young man who confessed he had never produced a movie before. This is an adaptation of Flannery O'Connor's first novel, so in a sense it returns him to that Southern literary turf he experienced before, when he did films based on Carson McCullers's *Reflections in a Golden Eye* and Tennessee Williams's *Night of the Iguana*. First there was a phone call from Fitzgerald asking if Huston knew the book. Then Fitzgerald came to talk to Huston:

"He had hair down to his shoulders. He looked like a Renaissance Christ. He was very cultured and obviously well educated, but he admitted he knew nothing about movies. He asked if I would like to direct it. I said I would. Then months would go by and I would get occasional calls. Finally I said, 'Look, don't spend your life pursuing this. There are other things to do. Don't let it become an obsession.' Then one day after two years he called and said, 'I've got the money, and I'm ready to proceed. Are you available?'" The picture was made on location in Macon, Ga., without stars, cutting all possible corners. It cost about \$2 million.

Meanwhile, Huston is hardly idle. He's the host for the Dublin episode in the *Cities* TV series which matches world capitals with celebrity guides (Peter Ustinov's Leningrad, George Plimpton's New York etc.). Later this year he will direct *Escape to Freedom*, the story of a soccer game between Allied prisoners and their German captors. While in Toronto he played a cameo role in a movie called *Head On*. And once again, there is talk of a movie based on Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*. "Every so often, I'm offered it," he deadpans. "I always say yes, and that's the last I hear of it."

It is better not to ask whether, at his age, he plans to take it easy. "No one ever asked Picasso if he wanted to retire," Huston says, a trifle wounded by the very idea. "In the arts, people have to be beaten to death."

Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK	PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND	NEWFOUNDLAND
<p>June 1-10 — Houses and Buildings of Saint John, by Lynn Wiggin-ton, N.B. Museum, Saint John</p> <p>June 2-4 — Canadian Music Competitions, Sackville</p> <p>June 19 — Harry Belafonte, Aitken University Centre, Fredericton</p> <p>June 20-22 — Bitowa Outdoor Festival, Tracadie</p> <p>June 22 — Armed Forces Day, CFB Gagetown</p> <p>June 23-July 1 — Pioneer Days, Oromocto</p> <p>June 23-July 19 — Art et artisanat local, Campbellton</p> <p>June 24-July 1 — Salmon Festival, Campbellton</p> <p>June 27-July 1 — Fêtes du Centenaire, Edmundston</p> <p>June 28-July 1 — Hospitality Days Fisheries Festival, St. Andrews</p> <p>June 27-29 — Square Dance Camporama: Workshop, pot luck supper, country breakfast, Brackley Beach</p>	<p>June 27-August 30 — "Anne of Green Gables," Confederation Centre</p> <p>June 28-September 1 — Summer Festival Exhibition, Confederation Centre Art Gallery</p> <p>June 29 — Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge</p> <p>June 30-July 2 — Potato Festival, Grand Falls</p> <p>June 30-July 2 — Summer Festival, Minto</p> <p>June 30-August 30 — Musical Dance Theatre "Les Feux Follets," Confederation Centre</p>	<p>June 1 — Bicycle Touring: St. John's/Bay Bulls, St. John's</p> <p>June 1-15 — Brig Harbour: Photos of St. John's, Gander</p> <p>June 1-15 — Arts and Letters Competition, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls</p> <p>June 1-30 — North West River: Photographs, Happy Valley</p> <p>June 20 — Regatta, Trout River</p> <p>June 21, 22 — Discovery Day Race: Sailing, Long Pond to St. John's</p> <p>June 21-23 — St. John's Day Celebrations, St. John's</p> <p>June 26-August 15 — Roses Ex-hibition, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's</p> <p>June 28, 29 — Provincial Labatts Special-Light Ladies Golf Team Trials, Stephenville</p> <p>June 28-September 7 — Out-door Theatre, Terra Nova</p>



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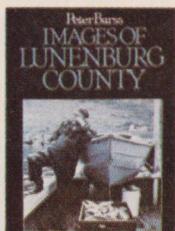
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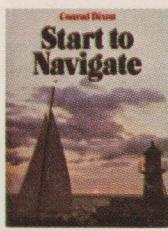
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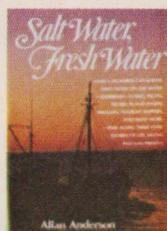
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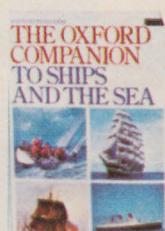
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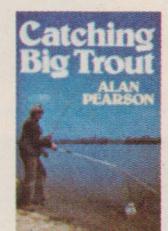
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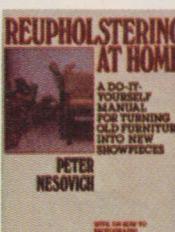
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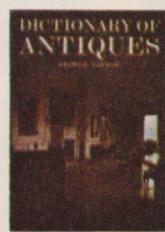
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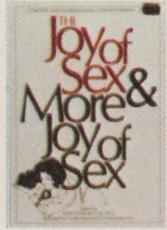
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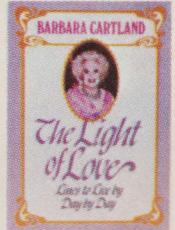
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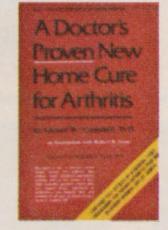
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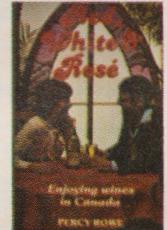
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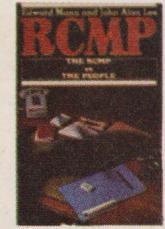
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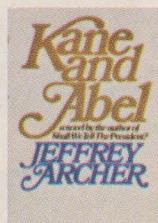
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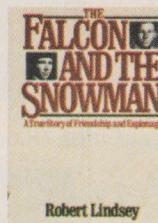
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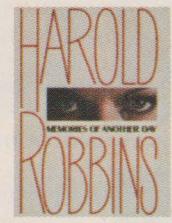
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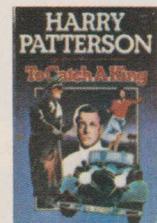
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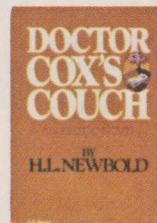
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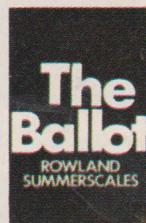
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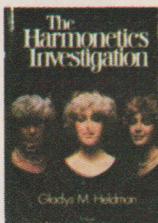
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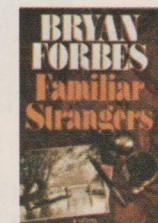
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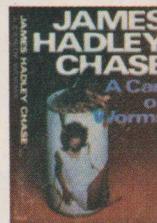
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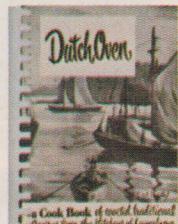
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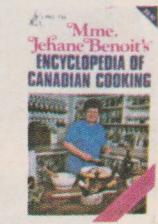
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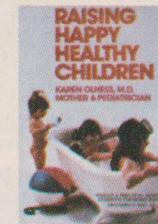
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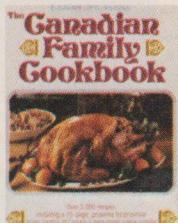
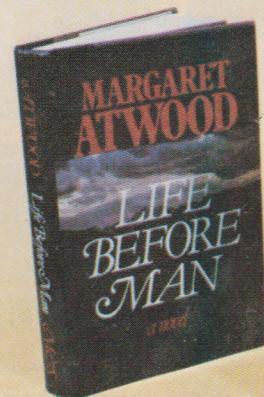
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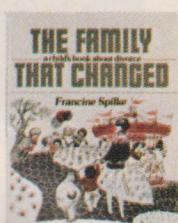
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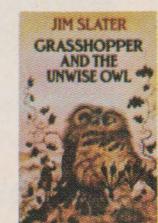
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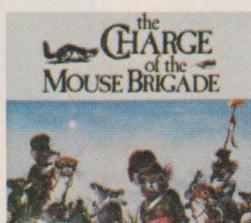
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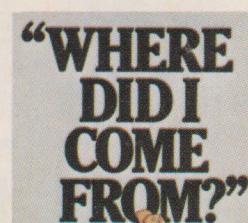
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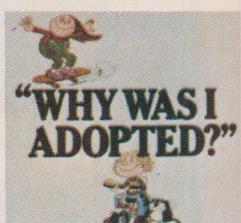


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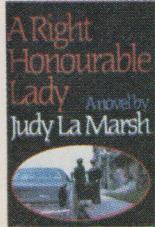
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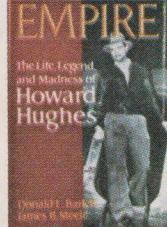
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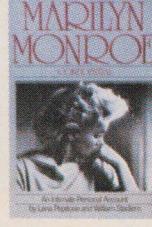
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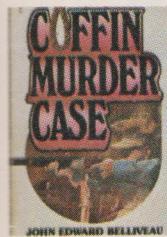
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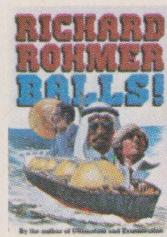
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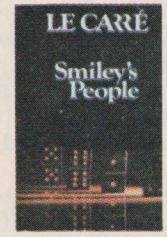
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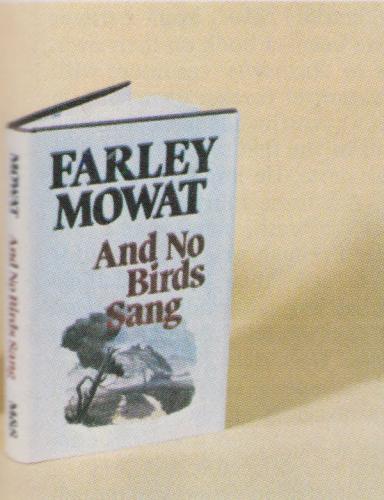
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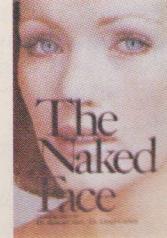
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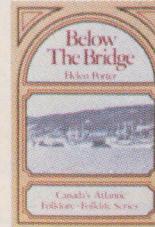
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Books

Friedenberg's message to Canadians: Grow up

Edgar Z. Friedenberg, *Deference to Authority*, Random House, \$10.95

Canada has been the slowest of Western nations to gain adult status, simply because Canadians have been too reticent to demand it. Our loosely designed system of government sets up a double standard: Citizens must play by very strict rules. Government can change the rules as it goes along. Edgar Z. Friedenberg's *Deference to Authority* forces us to pay attention to the inequality. It is a sincere, scholarly, amusingly pragmatic assessment of Canadians as people too polite for their own good.

In Friedenberg's words, "The Canadian way seems to be to attempt *ex post facto* to legitimize those questionable actions of authority that have become public, even at the price of grossly distorting the institutions within

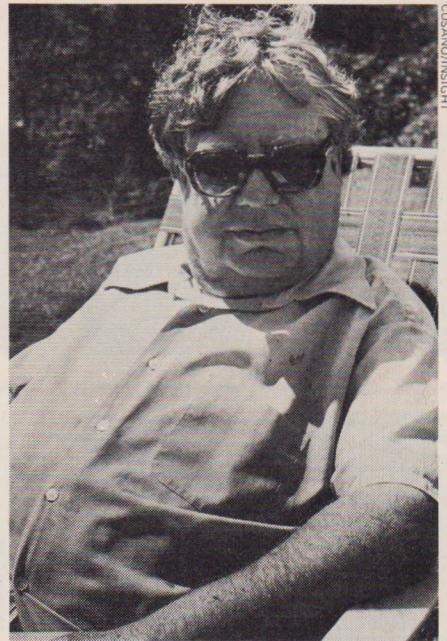
which they function." Yet citizens cannot even claim ignorance of the law as a defence. Friedenberg's point is that there are no standards. This is at the centre of the civil-liberties issue and two-thirds of the book emphasizes the gravity of our failure to demand our rights: "Canadians who believe they have certain guaranteed basic rights and attempt to assert them against the government are quickly disabused of this notion."

Deference to Authority does not say anything new. It just says it better than anyone else has. If you are a neophyte, it will be impossible not to be alarmed and convinced by Friedenberg's concern. If you are an old hand at the debate, it is impossible not to applaud so watertight a presentation of the case.

Friedenberg analyses issues such as RCMP wrongdoing, the Morgentaler affair, Quebec's attempts to gain self-determination, the moral and legal degradation of Canadian prison inmates and compiles a dossier of crushing persuasion. If it is true people get the governments they deserve, he suggests, we may also find that nations get the futures they do not work to prevent. If Canadians' failure to seek legislated protection from governmental abuse hasn't had more devastating consequences, it may be because we've been lucky in having had a series of benevolent dictators. But, Friedenberg points out, it's probably more a result of the country's having been spared the trial by fire of revolution or other cataclysm.

The book invites us to leave our childhood behind, to begin to question the blind obedience by which we serve our rulers: "The fundamental function of secrecy in Canadian governmental practice is not concealment but the cultivation of docility." Friedenberg encourages us to take the plunge into the rights, responsibilities and privileges of adulthood: "Canadians already have too much [respect for the law] and to lose some of it would probably do the country some good. Canadian society is deficient not in respect for the law but in respect for liberty."

Friedenberg's thinking on civil



Friedenberg: We're too polite for our own good

liberties is so clear that the first four chapters could have been—perhaps should have been—a book on their own. *Deference to Authority* continues with a consideration of foreign ownership in Canada. It's a worthwhile piece, but as a companion to the first section, it strikes a dissonant note. He implies that while a lot of American movies, television and books are trash, some aren't and that there isn't much we can do about it anyway. I call this back-pedalling. First, he chastises us for not challenging authority, then he tells us to go soft on some things. He's right, of course. I'd holler blue murder if they took American public broadcasting away. But that doesn't mean maximum Canadian content shouldn't be offered too.

Friedenberg is an American, though a landed immigrant of long standing. When he was asked whether this book represents his Canadian swansong, he replied, "Let's just say it may open the season on swans." Pshaw! Provocative enough to inspire good conversation, *Deference to Authority* is written with great love. Two facts mitigate his stern lecture: First, he obviously likes us and, second, he admits the country probably works better than most other nations. For now, at least.

Will it work forever? Would our great tolerance survive a legal crisis greater than the War Measures Act? We don't know. Friedenberg's book probably won't convert indignation into action. Action, he says, isn't a Canadian virtue. But *Deference to Authority* will certainly become a milestone in modern thought.

—Jill Cooper Robinson

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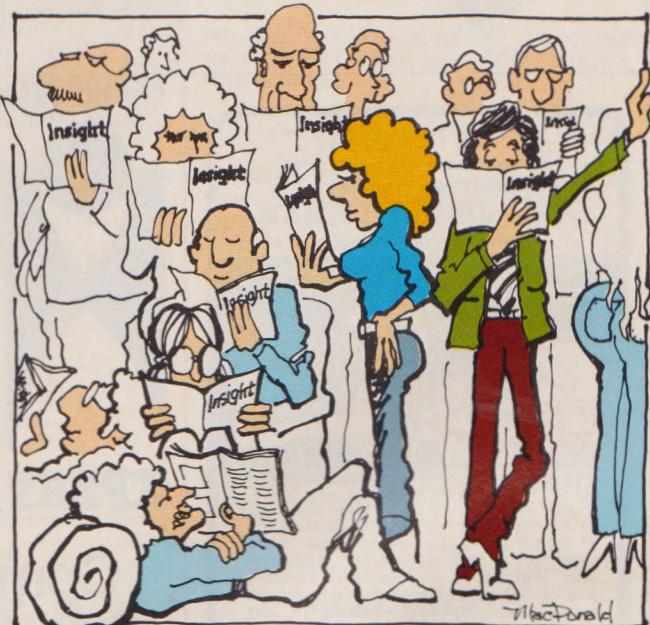
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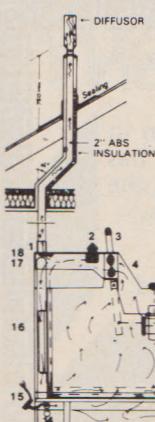
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Fiction

Robbing Motels

By Kent Thompson

and two other guys—I've known them for years, they're stupid—were in the business of robbing motels. We fell into the business by accident. I had a job at the WillowDale Motel, mowing the grounds, trimming the shrubs, replacing broken windows, that sort of thing. So I knew how the motel worked and knew that on Sunday evening there was probably a good bit of cash in the till. So I told Lennie and Buttons and they put nylon stockings over their heads and got toy guns and came in and held up the night clerk. We met later over behind the Esso Garage and counted up the money. There was only \$453. They didn't take any coins. That did not seem like very much to me—considering the risks involved and the consequences. Lennie and Buttons agreed. Buttons pointed out that business these days is done with credit cards and probably the only people who pay cash are those who are in the motel for, you know, immoral purposes. They don't want a record of being there. So we decided we were damned lucky and we wouldn't rob any more motels, and I went back to working on the lawnmowers and taking the gang-mowers out on hot afternoons and mowing, mowing, mowing. I rode along listening to the trucks out on the bypass grunting up the grade and thought about girls with no clothes on.

But then Lennie said that he needed some cash quick. He wanted to buy a used pickup truck, he said. What did he need with a pickup truck, we asked him. He said he wanted to do hauling jobs. All he needed, he said, was the down payment. Once he had that he could get jobs and make the monthly payments. He'd found a nice late-model GMC pickup truck over at Bob's Used Cars.

So we hit another motel. The Rest Well Motel. We decided not to go after one of the big chain motels because we figured that the little independent places were likely to have more cash on hand because of the kind of trade they did. I went with them on this job. I had a .22 pistol which a buddy had given me years ago after I lent him some money. So we had a real gun this time. And when we went in I saw that the night clerk saw that Lennie and Buttons only had toy guns—you could see it in his eyes—so I fired a shot into the floor and

that got him moving real quick. We got away with almost \$600.

"Hey," said Lennie. "Business is picking up."

And so the next weekend we did another job. We didn't plan to, it was just that we were sitting around drinking beer in Lennie's kitchen, talking about the pickup truck. Buttons and I, of course, had to take her for a spin, and admire the cheap stereo tape-deck Lennie had put in her first thing—and Buttons said he'd seen a place over on McNamee Road that we could probably knock over easy. We looked at one another and all of us laughed like hell, and the next thing you know we were on our way to Lennie's pickup truck. We knocked over the motel, I don't even remember its name, and were back in Lennie's place drinking beer in maybe half an hour. I'd left some beer in my glass and it wasn't even flat. It was that fast. God, we laughed about that. We got ourselves just stinking drunk that night and were groaning pretty bad the next morning. All we'd gotten was beer money from that place—maybe a hundred dollars, but it had come easy. So we were feeling pretty good.

Although—myself—I knew things were getting bad. When I left Lennie and Buttons and got in my own car and started back across town I got real lonely. You know how it is in a car at night. I knew that we were on a reckless course. I knew we should leave town. I said that to myself, driving along, the way you do sometimes, you know, right out loud, like I was talking to Lennie and Buttons. I said, "Guys, we got to get out of town."

But you know how it is—when I got back together with Lennie and Buttons the next weekend there was so much laughing and raising hell that I didn't say a thing. We got off going to some taverns around town and Lennie hooked up with this kind of fat girl who said she had some real co-operative sisters (that was real funny, funnier than you can believe, the fat girl was wearing a shiny black dress just busting at the seams), and we went off looking for them at country-and-western bars all over that part of town. We must've gone to 20 places, drinking, singing along with the performers, which wasn't much appreciated, and having a good sloppy time.

We never did find the girls and so about three o'clock in the morning Buttons and I said goodbye to Lennie and the fat girl and we found ourselves alone, standing outside this crummy bar

over by the paint factory.

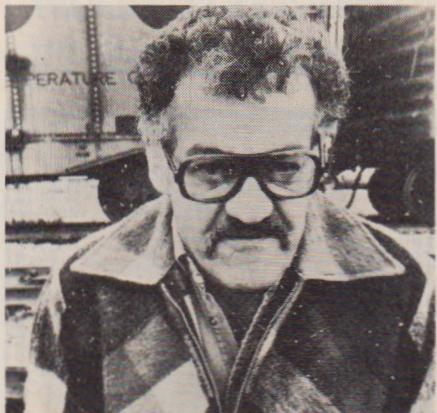
We were tired and a little drunk and didn't have anything else to do. OK, says Buttons, let's go knock over a place. No joy in it. No laughter. He just said it like he'd say we had to go to work or take our medicine.

So we got in his little Datsun and started looking around for a place to hit, and we went to this pretty big place—big as a chain motel, really, called the Marva Inn. It was all lit up, and we knew even as we drove in that this was bad news. But you can't stop yourself, right? It was like we were going to war. What had to be had to be. So Buttons gives me the sickly smile in that bad light and we got out of his little old car and pull the stockings over our faces and go in, and pull it off easy, and get out and get in the car and drive maybe three blocks, saying nothing, before we find ourselves hemmed in by cop cars. We're up against the curb and there's guys staring at us from behind guns everywhere. All we wanted to do was get out of the car without getting shot. We got out slow and turned around and put our hands on top of the car and the cops come up and it was funny—they were talking, but I didn't hear a thing. They had to kick me to get my attention. All I heard in my ears was end, end, end.

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Raw, real fiction about local losers

Carl Sentner, *Everywhere I've Been*, Square Deal Publications, \$4.95



The small world of Maritime fiction is usually populated by simple, honest, horny-handed sons of toil or by mixed-up come-from-aways who want the idyllic life of the natives. Carl

Sentner's Maritimers are neither honest nor happy nor rural, and no one would envy them. They're petty whores and their penurious clients, inept adulterers, grifters and drifters, penny-ante gamblers and scrapping drunks. There's even a queer clergyman. In a word, they're losers. And, except for two Newfoundlanders, they're all Maritimers—or seem to be.

We know this not by references to remembered history or familiar place names—in these 15 short stories there are none—but by the way Sentner's ear catches the casually foul speech of the average, down-at-heels Maritimer. It's part of the author's talent that he doesn't have to lapse into obvious dialect to capture the unlovable hopelessness of people who've never heard of the celebrated "Maritime lifestyle." Among the best stories is "Awareness," a classic account of a day in the life of an alcoholic department-store clerk. From early-morning hangover to late-night flake-out, the story uses the clerk's own thoughts in a cold, merciless demonstration of how alcoholism warps his character as it destroys his life.

Another good piece is "The Lesson," the ironically titled story of how an out-of-shape prizefighter knocks out his more skilled black opponent by taunting him with the crudest of racial and sexual epithets. Still another is "You'll Get Used To It." Six young, booze-emboldened blades raise \$90 for a quickie with a 17-year-old "freelance model" who's "been away for a while" but has come home to look after—and support—her drunken, unknowing father. The only yarn with an unalloyed happy ending is "Never Mind." Margaret, a mousy housewife, finally stands up to her piously hypocritical husband. He's a newly retired judge who has dominated her life and that of their two children.

If only as an antidote to some of the claptrap that's been passing as regional fiction, *Everywhere I've Been* is worth reading. It's brutal stuff in spots, but it has the smell of rancid reality. Some will find the language off-putting but, in my view, it's necessary to the telling of raw tales. (Annapolis Valley librarians and school-board members, please take note.) Sentner, 40, is a native of Charlottetown who, before becoming a CBC director-producer there, "worked as a laborer, steel worker, oiler, deckhand, clerk, bartender, radio and television technician." *Everywhere I've Been* clearly encompasses a lot of experience, if not territory. Pity the Canada Council, which helped with a publishing grant, didn't spring enough money for Square Deal Publications to hire a competent proof-reader.

—Harry Flemming

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Ray Guy's column

Getting stung? Going bankrupt? Never mind, you'll save on taxes

Months have passed since the trauma, but I'm still in cardiac overdrive. I should have recognized it for the grim omen it was when, first shot out of the box, the tax accountant kicked over the baby's potty. He'd just been ushered into my office. (That is to say, the former dining room in which I do my freelance journalizing.) It's in the same house in which I also live, breathe, have my being and tread on sharp plastic Sesame Street characters in the shower.

The functions of my business premises and my domestic apartments sometimes overlap. But that isn't a fact you want to broadcast when the tax fellow has just arrived to whittle you out some T-4 credits from your total heating bill. What happened was that my younger deduction had just commenced training and this had caused the older one to regress. Sibling rivalry. Thinks the older one: Where better to hide the chamber utensil than in daddy's sanctum right under the desk?

I look for the same qualities in a tax accountant as I hope to see in EPA pilots when the fog ceiling hovers toward the lower limits. A clear eye, a level head, a slight conscientious frown. But none of that craven yellow streak you sometimes get with other airlines just when you're trying to escape six months of climatic damnation for St. Pete's Beach. As buddy peeled off one of his Argyles, I wondered how far off stride he'd been put. He said that stale pee always made his eyes smart. That set me off on a gallop for the drug store and a quart of drops to put between his swimming optics and the fine print. Nothing must go wrong. This year, for the first time, I had Tax Canada just where I wanted them. No debits, no credits...I'd already contributed my full share for the fiscal year.

There were only the paper formalities but, still, all us cottage mercantilists know the drill that follows. You seat the man to his task, you clasp his shoulder firmly and then you give it three gentle pats. The first action is to suggest that a dropped decimal point'll reap him at least three horribly strangled loved ones. The second indicates a bit of "my-fate-is-in-your-hands" grovelling. Then you back out of the room, quietly and respectfully, leaving

him with five grocery bags stuffed full of receipts and a well-oiled pencil sharpener handy.

Outside the ops room the coffee pot is already stoked with enough grounds to make an EPA pilot's eyes smart. Every other appliance is unplugged to give his adding machine full wattage. The deductions are sleeping soundly under the influence of gripe water and straight gin. You sit there bolt upright for hours, gazing at the closed door. You spring to attention when, from time to time, it opens. You maintain the coffee relay, you let slide a claim for 5,000 paper clips, you defend two orders of fish and chips as reciprocal entertainment. Finally, the waiting ends. He opens the door slowly, he shakes his head. The voice comes as if from a great distance. "There are various nasty little plateaus, you see, all along the route. They're the constant bane of amateurs. When you slip over one of them some rather alarming things can happen...in your case, a \$3,007.67 underpayment."

Before the hour was out, I saw my spouse transformed from a lifelong flaming pinko into a roaring right-winger. It was an awesome spectacle. The civil service was to be slaughtered right down to the janitorial level and pensioners reduced to stewing their domestic pets. I tried to comfort the household as best I could with what was left of the children's gripe water and some Newfoundland fatalism. "Let us thank God for small mercies, my dears," I said as I stowed the accountant's used coffee grounds away in a Baggie for a special treat next Christmas. "If the past fiscal year hadn't been so disastrous for us, we'd have ended up in the poorhouse."

You don't have to batter me more than once with nasty little tax plateaus before I commence to get the hang of it. "It was heaven sent," I consoled the little brood, "when that mainland magazine went belly-up still owing me for two pieces; providence smiled when that Toronto journal evaporated before I could collect expenses; roses bloomed when I fell an ignorant victim to those book publishers. What a stroke of fortune when the CBC's budget was clipped by \$81 million and the very first crusts of bread the Corp. snatched were



from the Chez Guy; it's thanks to a merciful Creator that a rural weekly stuck me for the makings of two car payments and nothing less than Hibernian luck when, for mother's sake, I turned down that beer commercial."

This optimistic litany worked wonders. We were soon dancing ring-around-the-rosie and laying happy plans for bankruptcy next year. My spouse had now decided she was a Chrysler socialist. A few days later the tax accountant sent me a dry cleaning bill. He'll wait until either hell or my assets freeze and there's no doubt in my own mind which will occur first.

Feedback

Kudos

Help! I'm a homesick Maritimer stuck on the other side of the mountains and I need my monthly fix of news from the east coast. By the time your magazine hits the shelves out here, I am suffering from withdrawal symptoms. So please find enclosed my payment for subscription. It's a great magazine. I agree totally with Dalton Camp's view of Maritimers in the western work force (*Young Maritimers Say "Westward Ho!"* Good, March). That is my experience exactly.

Marlene McArdle
Vancouver, B.C.

From the time I read the first issue of *Atlantic Insight* I knew I was hooked! It was like a breath of fresh air flowing through a smoky room. I wondered at first if it might tend to foster navel-gazing, but after a year I am very happy with subject matter, good reporting, professional lay-out, good photography—in fact, I think you have done, and are doing, a marvellous job.

Doris J. Minshull
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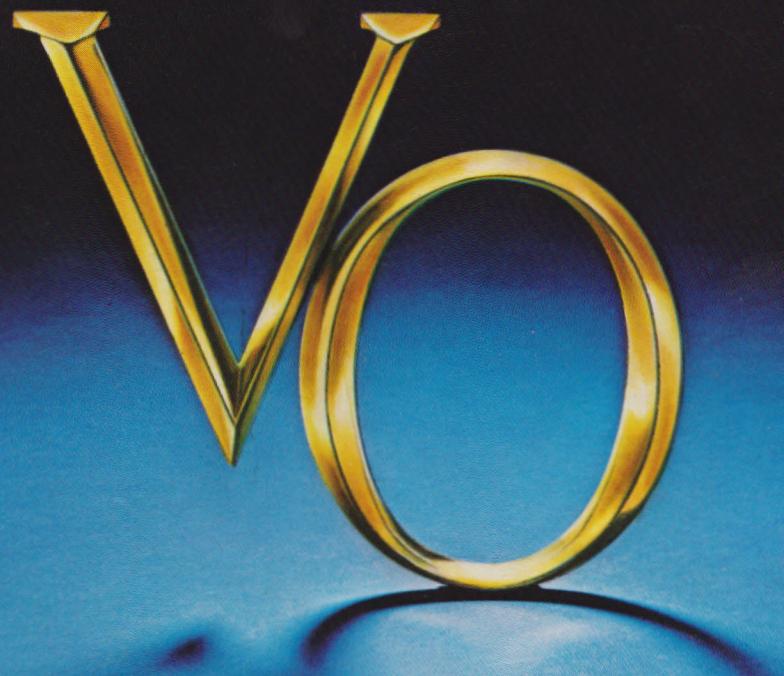
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